Vol. XLII. No. 1112.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FREE INSURANCE.

SEE PAGE 2.

She has IT!

have you got IT?

She has IT! Some call it personality. Some call it pep. Some call it ginger. It's the extra little something that makes all the difference between social failure and social success.
The girl with IT is always popular. She is able to make good friends—and keep them. IT makes life worth while. What's the secret of IT? Just this—perfect health. If you are run down, you lack IT; if you are nervy, you lack IT; if you are a victim of a devitalising complaint such as anaemia, you lack IT? and you can't keep IT if you are constantly troubled with headaches.
To possess IT you *must* be fit.

EVERY GIRL CAN GET IT!

No girl should deny herself IT in these days when medical science is so helpful. It is so easy and inexpensive to take the correct treatment. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are most helpful. They contain in convenient form, blood nutrients, nerve restoratives, hypophosphites, digestive enzymes, and stomachics—the essential ingredients in the treatment of nerve ailments.

Take a short course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Your nerves will be strengthened, headaches will become a thing of the past and you will be surprised at the improvement in your bodily health.

ASK FOR

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

THE RECOGNISED TREATMENT FOR

Overstrain
Sleeplessness
Stomach Disorders
Neurasthenia
Children's Weakness
Breakdown
Neuritis
Malnutrition
Wasting
Hysteria
Nerve Fatigue
Brain Fag
Indigestion
Palpitation
Kidney Weakness
Anæmia Neuralgia
Headaches
Nerve Pains

Of all Chemists' **1/3**

A Product of the Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd., Manchester. Family Size 3/-

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

FIRE STORM FLOOD SICKNESS ACCIDENT

YOUR FIVE WORST ENEMIES IN THE HOME

John Bull's Great Free Insurance is the most practical and comprehensive ever offered. Protect your home by registering to-day. We give below the names of a few only of the readers who benefit this week.

FIRE UP TO £400

RETFORD, NOTTS.—Mrs. E. E. MORRIS, 78, Cobwell Road.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. CUFELLO, 65, Cobden Street, Ancoats.
MURTON, DURHAM.—Mrs. E. R. WILKINSON, 14, Gray Avenue.
BOURNEMOUTH. — Mr. G. H. HOWARD, Jandola, Hendford Road, Endsbury Park.
THORNABY-ON-TEES.—Mr. T. J. DACK, 14, Pioneer Street, Erimus.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. DANIEL RILEY, 36, Howley Street, Kirkdale.
BLACKBURN, LANCS.—Mr. W. J. LAIRD, 4, Ashleigh Road, Livesey.
GILLINGHAM, KENT.—Mr. S. H. STEWARD, Bovey Tracey, Carlton Avenue.
BURNLEY, LANCS.—Mrs. J. W. HERBERT, 2, Laurier Road.
LONDONDERRY.—Mrs. L. SKEET, 69, Duke Street, Waterside.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. W. B. WINDLE, 182, Charles Street.
BRISTOL.—Mr. C. A. FARMER, 7, Tottenham Place, Clifton.
BURSLEM, STAFFS.—Mr. J. C. WILTSHAW, 29, Garden Street.
HULL.—Mr. H. GRAYSON, 8, Holmpton Grove, Preston Road.
BRADWELL-ON-SEA, ESSEX.—Mr. C. P. DOWSETT, Hill House, 4, Coastguard Cottages.
LLANHARAN, GLAM.—Mrs. H. NORTH, 3, Danygraig Terrace.
MILFORD HAVEN.—Mr. G. RACKLEY, 231, Robert Street.
PONTYPOOL, MON.—Mr. J. E. WOTTON, "Glenrise," Penygarn Hill.
EDINBURGH.—Mr. J. O'DONNELL, 5, Canongate.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. M. GARNER, 11, Stanley Place.
HULL.—Mrs. G. MADDICK, 22, Subway Street, Hessle Road.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. W. SHARPLES, 62, Hackle Street, Clayton.
NEWBRIDGE, MON.—Mrs. A. SMITH, 15, Ebbw View Terrace.

STORM! FLOODS! UP TO £300

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. A. TAYLOR, 61, Manchester New Road, Middleton.
HEY LEES, Nr. OLDHAM.—Mr. H. OWEN, 19, Den Lane.
SOUTH CHURCH, Nr. BISHOP AUCKLAND.—Mrs. S. E. WATSON, 6, Gaunless Terrace.
BO'NESS, WEST LOTHIAN.—Mrs. C. MCWILLIAMS, 33, Corbie Hall.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. G. J. POLLARD, 11, Rupert Street, Radcliffe.
EGERTON, Nr. BOLTON, LANCS.—Mr. E. BLAND, 9, Bedford Street.
WITTON PARK, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. A. ALLISON, 29, Garden Street.
BLYTHE BRIDGE, STAFFS.—Mr. J. T. THORLEY, 8, Railway Terrace.
PELTON S.O., DURHAM.—Mrs. M. WESTRAY, 187A, Street West, Perkins Ville.

SICKNESS BENEFITS £5-5-0

PLAENAVON, MON.—Mrs. S. LUCAS, 2, Avon Road.
TOW LAW, DURHAM.—Mr. J. C. MOOR, 15, Harrison Street.
WORKSOP, NOTTS.—Mrs. F. ALLEN 85, Low Town Street.
LEYTON, E.10.—Mr. R. C. HARRISON, 76, Livingstone Road.
KENNOWAY, FIFE.—Mr. D. BROWN, Denhead.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. A. PAYNE, 5/58, Wainwright Street, Aston.
GAINSBORO.—Mr. F. PINDAR, 51, Willoughby Street.
CHEDDAR, SOMERSET.—Miss P. A. HERRING, Beulah House, North Street.
NORWICH.—Mrs. A. ANDERSON, 20, Albany Road.
ALTOFTS, Nr. NORMANTON.—Mrs. A. BOTT, 10, Foxholes Lane.

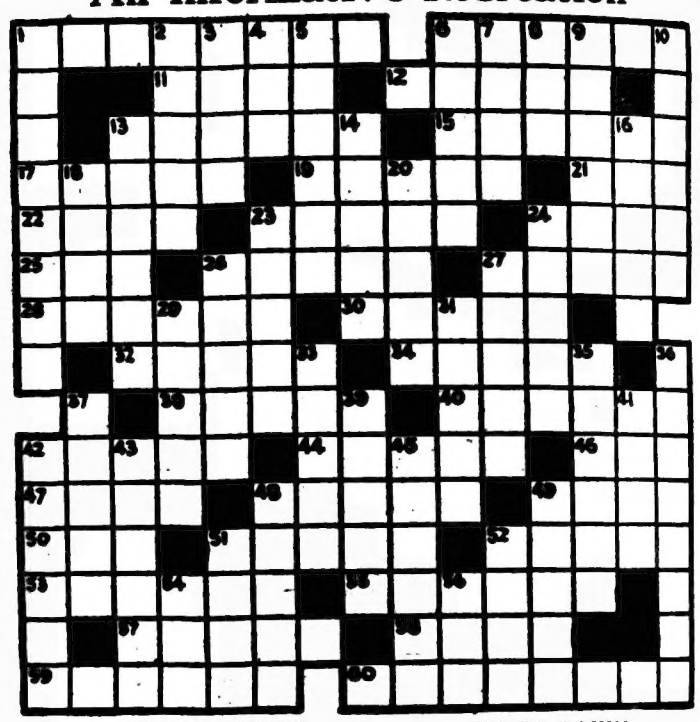
ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

ABERTILLERY, MON.—Mrs. A. HILLIER, 100, Richmond Road, Six Bells.
CAMBERWELL, S.E.5.—Mrs. E. C. BEAUMONT, 37, Foreign Street.
WOTTON-UNDER-EDGE, GLOS.—Mr. J. E. TAVINDER, Mill House, Kingswood.
MEXBOROUGH, YORKS.—Mrs. E. MILLER, 5, Clayfield Road.
BOLTON, LANCS.—Mrs. V. A. KNOWLES, 14, Lee Street.
SWINDON, WILTS.—Mrs. F. J. SUTTON, 22, Salisbury Street.
SLOUGH, BUCKS.—Mrs. D. E. ALLCOTT, 26, Ragstone Road.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. M. JONES, 140, Penarth Road.
BARNSLEY, YORKS.—Mrs. D. M. I. HAIGH, 6, Woods Place, Hoyle Mill.
HORNDEAN, HANTS.—Mrs. F. HILL, 2, Limes Cottages, London Road.
CAMBERLEY, SURREY.—Mr. A. E. H. W. WALKER, 21, Old Dean Road.
FAKENHAM, NORFOLK.—Mrs. A. CHAPLIN, Hempton.
MONKSWOOD, MON.—Mrs. E. SMITH, School House.
CARDIFF.—Mr. R. P. KERR, 169, King's Road, Canton.
GT. YARMOUTH.—Mrs. A. WOOLSTON, 143, Row No. 1, South Quay.
WIGAN, LANCS.—Mrs. E. REDDINGTON, 50, John Street, Scholes.
CLEETHORPES, LINCS.—Mrs. C. EVERY, 72, Fuller Street.
WAKEFIELD, YORKS.—Mrs. S. H. BROUGHTON, 13, Clarendon Street.
CARLISLE.—Mrs. E. J. PARMAN, 253, Warwick Road.
TILBURY, ESSEX.—Mrs. E. WEBB, 66, Calcutta Road.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

Our Cross-Word Corner

An Informative Recreation



CLUES ACROSS

1. A struggle.
6. Reputed integrity.
11. The equator.
12. Purple tint.
13. To irritate.
15. To make lower.
17. Character.
19. To fasten with a cord.
21. Terminal.
22. Form of transport.
23. A bet.
24. Before.
25. Donkey.
26. To animate.
27. Command.
28. Taken.
30. To recover strength.
32. New.
34. Field fortification.
38. Fortitude.
40. Italian city.
42. Very mean person.
44. Bury.
46. Male adults.
47. Cereal.
48. Saltpetre.
49. Skilful.
50. Peer.
51. Milk-shop.
52. Grown person.
53. Wan.
55. Gives up.
57. Weird.
58. Title.
59. A Wiper.
60. Relating to lands.

CLUES DOWN

1. To set in opposition.
2. Instrument for beating grain.
3. Medicated cotton.
4. Writing fluid.
5. Basement.
6. Welsh name for mount.
7. Regretted.
8. Day before.
9. To be contingent.
10. Preceded matches.
13. Dried grape.
14. Earnest.
16. Go in.
18. To graze.
20. Red wood.
23. Of greater breadth.
24. Indo-European.
26. Agitation.
27. Of more years.
29. Well-defined belts.
31. State reception.
33. 58.
35. A rain cloud.
36. Type of window blind.
37. The Pope's triple crown.
39. Act of committing to writing.
41. A prison.
42. Wiped.
43. Fashions.
45. Making effort.
48. The lowest point.
49. Poisonous snake.
51. Dreadful.
52. Famous battle.
54. Allow.
56. Human organ.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 16.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

J.B. 8.10.27.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

J.B. 8.10.27.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

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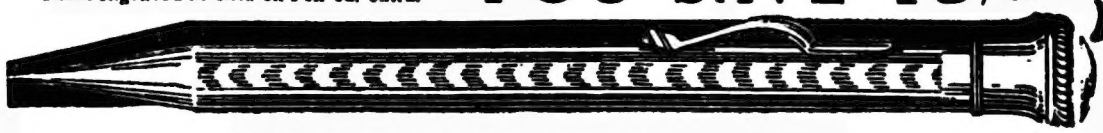
John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer!

"More than pleased. Really worth half a guinea." M. W. Hales, 4, Swinburne Gardens, Tilbury.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tip worth 15/-
2/6" Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6
You send Six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3 l. postage and insurance) 4/-

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.
Name engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

YOU SAVE 13/6



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PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
TOBACCO & CIGARETTES
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
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and have the smartest one possible made in the new 1927 cloth that always looks and wears well. Pay 7/6 down and balance monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**

These are not Ready-Made Suits altered to fit you, but EACH ONE IS CUT & MADE TO YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS.
Money refunded if not satisfied.
Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns & Self-measurement Form.
Established 28 years.

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36, LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

A 3-SPEED CYCLE

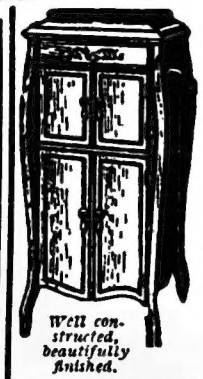
2/- Weekly

Sturmey-Archer 3-SPEED ON 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. OUR price £5:15:0

The famous B. & C. All-British Special Three-Speed Model, guaranteed 20 years. Fitted with Sturmey Archer 3-speed Gear, Hutchinson Super Cord Tyres, Coventry Roller Chain, B.S.A. Bottom Bracket, Brampton Hubs, Three Coil Spring Saddle, and our own special rust-proof Frame with usual parts heavily nickel-plated. Sold on the money-back guarantee & supplied only by

Send for particulars

THE BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO. (Dept. J/13) SOUTHAMPTON.



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WINTER SHIRTS

500 Heavy Union FLANNEL SHIRTS LINED.

Single cuffs to button, extremely well cut and roomy. Light or medium grounds with smart matched-in stripes in all colours. Usual price 6/11 each. Sizes 13½ ins. to 16½ ins. Three shirts Post free, 14/3 Cash or C.O.D. *Household Bargain. Catalogue FREE.*

4/9 each. Post 6d. extra.

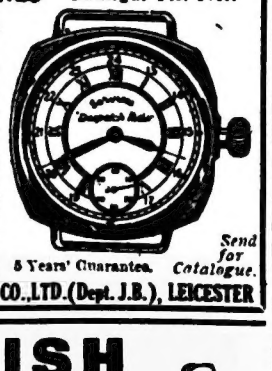
STANSFIELD & SMITH,
"J.B." TUDOR MILLS, TODMORDEN.

Services WATCHES

A SPORTSMAN'S WATCH
Constructed for use by all indulging in vigorous sport. Vibration proof. *Catalogue Post Free.*

24 Hour time as used in Army, Air Force, etc.

The DESPATCH RIDER
(worn by Handley, Simpson and Woods in T.T Races). Three-quarter-plate wristlet. Strong, balance-jewelled. Non-magnetic hair-spring. Damp and dust-proof. Complete with strap, post free **15/6**



There are 50 models of Services Watches from 12/6 up, nickel silver and gold, with 12 or 24 hour dials, state which

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5 Years' Guarantee.

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72 SQ. FT. for 15/-

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM.

Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being Stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls are two yards wide.

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SENSATIONAL OVERCOAT OFFER—ORDER NOW!

Positively the biggest bargain in overcoats—a warm, serviceable garment, generously cut and well made of hard wearing woollen material. Fully lined, 2 outside pockets, 3 inside. In Navy Blue, Brown or Grey.

Price Each. 20/- Carr. paid.

State chest measurement and colour wanted. This offer cannot be repeated so send for this wonderful bargain to-day.

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81 SQ. FT. for 15/-

FREE SAMPLES OF LOVELY PATTERNS

The cheapest and best floor-covering, in rolls two yards wide. Rot-proof, damp-proof, hard wearing.
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BETTER THAN LINOLEUM

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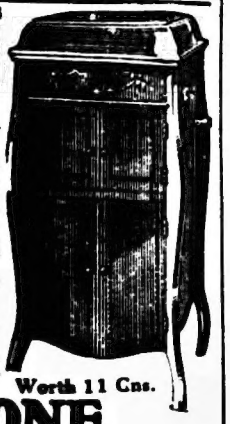

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Model 2A. Upright Grand with mahogany lid and doors, and beautiful mahogany finish throughout, as illustrated (but not inlaid). DOUBLE SPRING. 3-record British "Collaro" Motor. Fullotone Junior Sound Box and new metal Sound Chamber. Full fine tone and enormous volume.

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Also 149, High St. (N), East Ham, and 41, George St., Croydon.

Worth 11 Gns.

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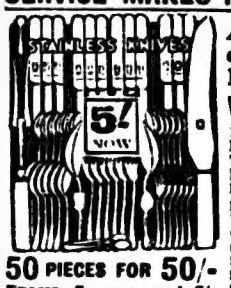

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WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

1 pr D'ble Shear Steel Carvers Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Tble Knvs, and 6 Stainless Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles. Blades can be sharpened to razor-like edge. 3 Tble Spns, 6 Desrt Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Tble Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which is always white

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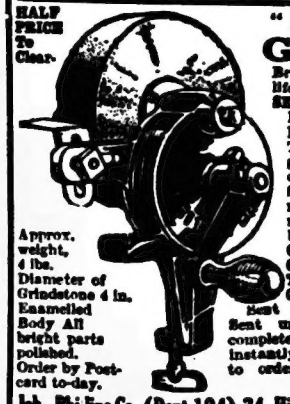

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This is a super high-speed grinder with wheel, Castings of best clean grey iron. Spindle highest grade machine steel. Gears machine cut. Clamps to bench.
QUANTITY OF SPARE CORUNDUM STONES.
To 4 in., 1/3. Post 6d.
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Sent under our guarantee of complete satisfaction or money instantly returned. Do not forget to order a spare stone while the stock lasts.

Approx. weight, 4 lbs. Diameter of Grindstone 4 in. Enamelled Body All bright parts polished. Order by Post-card to-day.

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Fully warranted British-made Hornless Gramophone, polished Oak Cabinet, powerful silent Motor, 10in Turntable, Taper Tone Arm, natural tone reproducer, and Ten brilliant Selections, for £3:10:0 TERMS: Send 5/- now, and 11 monthly payments of 5/- Fullest Approval. Catalogue & Record List Post Free.

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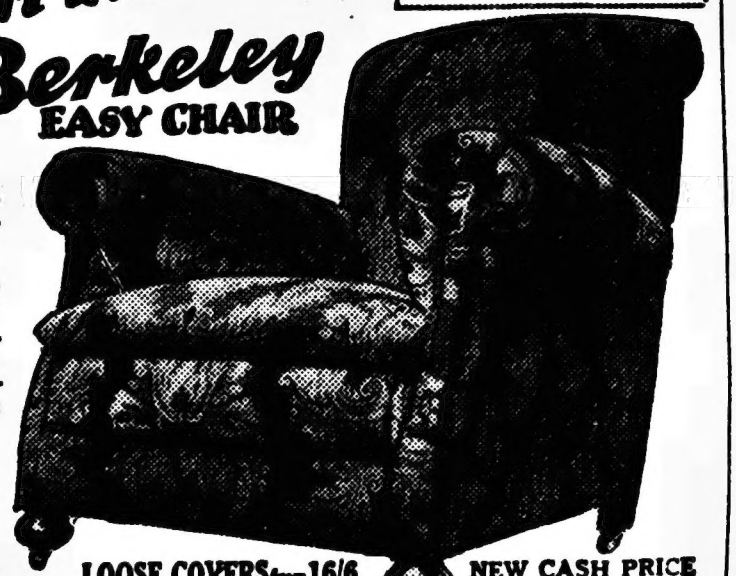

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AGENTS for CITY Series PRIVATE CARDS. Exquisite Cards, Lovely New Calendars. Novel and Exclusive designs of Black Cats with GLASS and MOVING EYES, also Cat with REAL MEOW, and many fine Novelties. Best cos. obtainable. Sample Book, instructions and advice sent free and carr. paid. Apply direct to makers, Dept. 169, The Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co., Blackfriars St., Manchester.

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KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19B, 31, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

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WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

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DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (38/8), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

DR. POGSON'S OINTMENT.—Wonderful Skin Secret of Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the Skin to purity and comfort. 3/-, at Boots', Taylor's and all Chemists.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy provided by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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PILES. Why suffer? HUMOSOL, the new discovery relieves at once. No instrument. No ointment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Cure yourself at home. Save an operation. 5/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Humosol Chemists (J.B.4), 1, Ronsden Road, S.W.12.

"ATEKA" RHEUMATISM CURE. Immediately relieves & rapidly cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc. Analysed *John Bull*. 10/- per bot. p. free.—Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, E.C.

RUPTURE CONQUERED. "The Lancet" endorses. Write now for full particulars of a free trial under guarantee of relief or money refunded. BEASLEY'S (Dept. 8M.), 26, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

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ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

TYRES AND ACCESSORIES.—Weekly Payments. All makes of brand New Tyres, Accessories or Spares. Deposits from 5/-. No inquiries. —Write, London Car Co., 43, Villiers St., W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMATEUR WANTON. The problem of the wayward modern girl's dangerous sex experiments. See outspoken article in "HEALTH AND STRENGTH," 3d. at all newsagents, every Wednesday; 4d. post free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

ADVERTISERS WHO SATISFY. Every *John Bull* reader is within reach of a Bargain Store where buying by post is as safe as personal shopping. A glance at the "Mail Order Market" on page 4 will reveal some remarkable examples of value. Immediate delivery of many of the things advertised here can be obtained for a very small deposit, as for instance, the fashionably cut suit offered by Messrs. J. B. Thorne & Co. (Advt. at top of page). This offer, like all others, has been investigated by *John Bull* and satisfaction or money back is guaranteed in every case.

A 10" Gramophone Record FREE!

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You can't feel "Blue" if you smoke BLACK CAT CIGARETTES—for "the Blues" and "BLACK CATS" can't exist together. Try a packet and see, then save the coupons and get one or more of these fine records free. There are records of all kinds from which to choose. Dance, Vocal, Instrumental, etc., they are all mellow and full in tone—60 coupons only, and a record is yours by return.

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Serial Number of Music.	Name and particulars.
	DANCES
1775	SIDE BY SIDE (I Wonder How I Look when I'm Asleep) *Fox Trot*
1773	BIRTH OF THE BLUES (It all depends on you) *Fox Trot*
1742	AIN'T SHE SWEET (Looking at World Thro' Rose Coloured Glasses) *Fox Trot*
1787	BLUE SKIES (Meadow Lark) *Fox Trot*
1800	ONE SUMMER NIGHT (Positively Absolutely) *Fox Trot*
1714	HOW COULD RED RIDING HOOD (Here Comes Fatima) *Fox Trot*
1713	HOW MANY TIMES (I can't get over a girl like you) *Fox Trot*
1685	BLACK BOTTOM (I Wonder What's Become of Joe) *Fox Trot*
1696	BREEZING ALONG WITH THE BREEZE (That's Why I Love You) *Fox Trot*
1799	CHERMAINE (In a Shady Nook by a Babbling Brook) *Fox Trot*
1695	BECAUSE I LOVE YOU (Trail of Dreams) *Waltz*
	VOCAL RECORDS
1766	AIN'T SHE SWEET (Why Should I say I'm Sorry) *Sung by Radio Rod*
1777	BIRTH OF THE BLUES (It all depends on you) *Sung by Radio Rod*
1778	SERENATA d'ARLECCHINO (Se tu M'Ami) *Signor Luigi Cilla*
1721	HOW MANY TIMES (I can't get over a girl like you) *Sung by Irving Kaufman*
1677	BECAUSE I LOVE YOU (Sweet Child—(I'm Wild About You) *Sung by Irving Kaufman*

Serial Number of Music.	Name and particulars.
	VOCAL DUETS
1769	TAKE YOUR FINGERS OUT OF YOUR MOUTH (I looking Over a Four Leaf Clover) *Sung by "The Radio Imps"*
1793	RED LIPS KISS MY BLUES AWAY (Hello, Swanee, Hello) *Sung by "The Radio Imps"*
	HAWAIIAN GUITAR RECORDS
1770	IN A LITTLE SPANISH TOWN (Hawaiian Slumbertime) *Played by Ferera and Pualuhi*
1782	BELLS OF HAWAII (Love's Paradise) *Played by Frank Ferera's Hawaiians*
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1716	IN A CHINESE TEMPLE GARDEN (Ride of the Valkyries) *Kealey*
1717	MARTIAL MOMENTS (Parts 1 and 2) *March Medley arranged by Aubrey Winter*
	LAUGHING RECORD
1189	THE LAUGHING RECORD (The Mocking Bird) *By the Imperial Comedy Four*
	XYLOPHONE SOLO
1781	BLUE DANUBE—Waltz (Lustspiel) *Played by Teddy Brown*
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1801	RHAPSODY IN BLUE (Parts 1 and 2) *Adrian Schubert and his Concert Orchestra*

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Week ending Saturday
Oct. 8, 1927 Twopence
VOL. XLII. No. 1112

JOHN BULL

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Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Still "Resting."

With the Premier's speech to his Party this week another orgy of stump oratory sets in. Holiday invigoration ought to be put into doing, not talking.

Off the Highway.

More work, more trade, more agriculture are the country's crying needs. But Mr. Baldwin's mind since his return has been occupied with quarrels over the Lords and "flappers' votes."

Liberal Education.

The chief industrial towns of Germany are being visited by many M.P.s before Parliament resumes. A tour of home industrial towns by all M.P.s would be useful. It might stir up the Government to do something.

Rivalry.

Labour increases its local organisation, Liberals busily prepare for a General Election, and Conservatives remain optimistic. Meanwhile real work waits. Why don't all Parties combine in a big effort to do it?

Plain Sense.

The out-of-work man cares little for Party politics. He does care for his family needs and the chance of bread and butter. "Quit squabbles and get busy on humanitarian legislation" would be a good motto for M.P.s.

We've Said It Before.

Constructive work stopped in 1914, and has never been properly restarted. Work waits everywhere. We have the men and we certainly have the money. Why continue paying out huge sums for nothing?

Poor Stuff.

At best the "dole" is semi-starvation, at worst a belittlement of man's dignity. We are breeding up a population trained to rely on public funds for existence. It spells ruin.

Let the Years Roll By.

Admitting that half the children leaving school at fourteen can't get regular employment, Lord Eustace Percy would let raising the compulsory age wait till falling births make existing schools enough for all up to fifteen. What a confession of inability!

Real Progress.

The League of Nations' meeting ended with orders to its Commissions to get on practically with the abolition of economic barriers to world prosperity and with steps to disarmament and all-in arbitration. We're moving.

The Advance.

Every State represented in the Assembly has declared, "That all war is and remains prohibited." Such a decision would have been impossible even a few months ago. The world is progressing towards sanity.

Mischief-makers.

Those who call League resolutions "mere pious opinions" sin against the better spirit. Intelligence rebels at blood strife. The sane part of the world sees a cleaner way and means to take it.

Feeding Ourselves.

Controversy rages over the question of whether we can, or cannot, feed ourselves. It is all beside the point. We can grow more food, but not all. Cultivate world friendship, drop tariffs, and food enough all round is assured.

Quite Seriously.

Civilisation has arrived at a point where nations must co-operate or perish. To drop war doesn't mean we'll grow soft. Wind and weather, floods and tempest, all the forces of Nature are ours to battle with. They provide adventure enough.

Not Without Cause.

Labour is "dissatisfied with the situation in the coalfields." Who isn't? The biggest industry in the country can't be right-sided in sections. It needs the help of all Parties, given a statesmanlike lead by the Government.

Nasty, Not Cheap.

Hundreds of houses rushed up by builders taking advantage of the subsidy are proving non-weather-proof. Paint is peeling and paths are sinking. Conscience, as well as money, is needed before dwellings are declared "fit for occupation."

Not So Woolly.

Suggestion is made that a joint committee be set up to promote close co-operation between employed and employers in the wool trade. Coming from the workers' side of the Textile Industrial Council, its value is doubled.

Good Business.

By credits spread over ten years, German firms will purchase £20,000,000 worth of machinery in this country. Lancashire will get busy, and trade improve. Peace pays, every time.

Teachers Know.

At York the National Federation of Class Teachers went all out against damp and insanitary school buildings. Their existence is a disgrace, and in view of the increase in childish rheumatism it is also cruel.

Improved Taste.

With no prizes offered, Bethnal Green children made splendid response to questions issued by the Libraries Committee. Intelligence can't be denied where Shakespeare and Dickens share honours as favourite authors.

FIRE—FLOOD—STORM
SICKNESS—ACCIDENT
"JOHN BULL" Covers You Free.
See page 2.

Who's to Blame.

When teachers complain of dull children in elementary schools the methods of teaching should be examined. Children can't be mass-taught.

Education that Isn't.

Nearly 20,000 classes have each more than fifty children, and there are over 40,000 classes with between forty and fifty children. Such hapless youngsters may be drilled, they cannot be educated.

A Lesson to Learn.

That money spent on education is 100 per cent. investment is still to be recognised. Education that costs is not grudged in some classes; why at all?

Prosperity.

Sales of the Co-operative Wholesale Society last half year showed an increase of over five million pounds. Work and wages promote trade. The "People's Own Shops" are a good barometer.

Damp Squibs.

Rural districts are receiving a lot of attention from politicians largely engaged in the game of pot calling pan. Lectures on facts, especially land history, would be better. Even country folk can think.

Real Work.

On the edge of Romney Marshes sheep are bred and the wool washed, sheared, spun, dyed and woven into cloth and carpets by the same set of workers. In a revival of country industry lies the only solution of overcrowded poverty.

Clear Sight.

In reply to questions by the League of Nations, Egypt blames the world war for decline in moral standards. She might be farther out. War always sends morality flying.

French Faith.

M. Emile Borel, an ex-Minister, suggests that customs should be reduced by 5 per cent. annually until such impositions on trade cease. Business men who want prosperity should grasp that idea.

Grit.

Middleton villagers needing a public hall, all ages from eight to eighty set to work, led by the vicar with his coat off. A fine building is nearing completion, a proof that nothing is impossible to those who try.

Protected Pests.

Swarming over beds, entering barricaded rooms, crickets at Swindon are creating a veritable plague. And all because the town council dumps town refuse on land adjacent to houses. The Medical Officer of Health must get busy.

Turn Coats!

Eight overcoats for twenty-eight men, who wear them turn and turn about, is the record created by Tottenham Fire Brigade. It's not good enough. One coat apiece is only decent.

New Homes for Old.

At a cost of £6,000 seven new cottage homes have been opened by the Bookbinders' Pension Society at Friern Barnet. Light at eventide for old folk would often be possible if only the housing were right.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Mother's Help.

For stealing potatoes, Robert Johnston, of Howden, was fined 10s. which his mother paid, so saving him from prison. We hope he appreciates her act and will keep honest because of it.

Useless!

Trying to save a drowning man, who was attempting suicide in the River Stamford, Walter Middleton found the local lifebelt in fragments. How long will it be before it is replaced?

Robbing Kiddies.

Hard-hearted indeed must be Walter Brook, who stole £2 from the money-boxes of his employer's children. We are glad that his labour for the next six months will be likewise hard.

Cheap Crime.

For assaulting a little girl of fourteen, William Bishop Hussey, a London insurance canvasser, was fined at Saltash 10s. and costs. If mothers of victims could punish such villains their fate would be vastly different.

The Limit!

Three times convicted of indecency and for assaulting women, George Edward Dalton, of Thornton Heath, was sentenced to only three months' hard labour—because the court could not give him more. Then the sooner the law is altered the better.

The Food Fakers.

The "Get Rich Quick" fraternity is still on the ramp. "Chicken roll" is sold in Salford at 1s. 4d. a pound, but in one case the manufacturer admitted it contained no chicken, but just scrap pork and flavouring. No action seems to have been taken. Why not?

Mediæval Cruelty.

Shudderingly we recognise the methods of the Dark Ages in a father who permitted his mother to burn his small son with a heated wire to cure the boy of thieving. Nancy Ann, the grandmother, and Thomas Sharples, of Radcliffe, have to thank a day of more humane justice for getting off with a fine each of £5.

Not Only Bananas.

We agree with the chairman of the Middlesex Sessions that a man with twelve previous convictions cannot be excused for stealing four bananas. Three years' penal servitude for James Edward Bookman may be good advertisement of the pains of becoming a professional thief.

Queer Cranks.

Lady Farren recently told of "a distinguished woman" who refused to contribute to the College of Pestology because they killed "bugs, caterpillars, flies, microbes, etc," in preference to men pests. Such a distorted view simply tends to make the distinguished woman utterly undistinguished.

Unfit Plagrounds.

A Manchester jury, in returning a verdict of accidental death on Ada Dillon, knocked down while playing with other children round a charabanc, said they could not blame anyone. We can. We blame the lack of space in homes that obliges young children to have to make the street their playground.

The Prodigal's Return.

Charles Alfred Morris, a miner, "made good" in Canada and returned to face an old embezzlement charge at Doncaster. He paid back the £60 in question to the club from which it had been taken and was bound over by the Bench. Now he can return and enjoy his fortune unmolested, leaving behind a good example.

Childish Offence.

Homeless at forty-two, to serve six months' hard labour for larceny, after previous convictions, Francis Smith may be too old for advice. But his childishness in putting lighted matches in a pillar-box, for which he has been fined £10 or additional imprisonment at Blackpool, suggests that a doctor might do something for him.

Tragic Need.

The frightful picture of a home where six children sit round their father's coffin because there is no room for a table besides has inspired Lambeth Housing, Ltd., to build houses at 9s. weekly for workers. May the appeal for £20,000 not be in vain.

"Untipped" Porter.

Thomas Pritchard, a porter of Cwmyglo, a place in a Welsh holiday district, finds himself in the bankruptcy court. He says that one of the reasons is because he has never been given a tip and therefore cannot make ends meet. More shame to the railway company which does not pay its servants a living wage.

Scrap 'Em.

Once more the temptation offered by cigarette slot-machines has proved a man's downfall. Henry Morgan, a tram conductor, was at Wood Green fined 20s. for working one of these automatics by means of a metal disc. It is time the absurd selling restrictions were wiped off the Statute-book, when the necessity for these contrivances would end.

Justice for All.

We agree with the contention of the Women's Freedom League that any enquiry into the conviction of individuals on uncorrobrated police evidence should not exclude those women and girls who are so often without the means to finance an appeal. What's sauce for the goose should also be sauce for the gander, and justice is the birthright of all.

The Human Machine

Progress!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL rubbed in a much-needed truth when he spoke at Leicester the other day.

"There is no such thing," he said, "as a certain and automatic progress."

Success, which is the result of proper progress, depends always on conscious and properly directed effort.

It depends on conscientious, hard, unremitting work.

No one ever yet achieved success save by the sweat of his brow.

Think success by all means. By all means think progress. But you must not let it stop at thinking. You must work for it and strive for it.

You cannot get progress and you cannot attain success merely by wishing for it. You must very literally slave for it.

This is true both of nations and individuals. Any other idea of life, any other notion of progress, is bound to end in disillusionment.

I say you must work for progress since it will not happen by itself. You are quite entitled to ask me how you must work for it.

I WILL surprise you. I will suggest no heroic measures. I will advocate no steps that needs a Napoleonic brain.

Attend to details! Take as much trouble over small things as you do over big things. Be satisfied, even in the smallest item of your daily life, with nothing that is not as good as you can make it.

Progress was never yet attained by enormous leaps. It has always been a slow and a painful process.

After all, it was the man who was faithful in *little* things who was given authority over ten cities!

Father's Disgrace.

In regular employment, feasting on steaks while his five children starved, William Henry Hall, of Newport, has been sent to prison for three months. Justice is but feebly served if kiddies go hungry.

Not Its Job.

Due to the N.S.P.C.C., a family of eleven living in one room, because no one would lodge so many, has been provided with a council house. Society should blush at leaving charity to do that which ought to have been done already.

On and Up.

We congratulate Abraham Williamson, Salford's new mayor and prosperous estate-agent, on having started his career as a newsboy. They only get the best out of wealth and position who have known what it is like to have neither.

Modest Samaritan.

Having attended to a dying man and set another's leg by the light of his headlamps, a doctor drove from the scene of accident, refusing to give his name. Modest and generous, we can vouch for his being well loved by his patients.

Wanton Pastime.

By way of relaxation, seven Pencoedcae youths broke into a barn, churned up a field by riding a mare round it, and incapacitated her for foaling by puncturing her udder with a stick.. Their fines of £1 13s. each are totally inadequate.

Easy Life.

Ordered by the court to pay £177 damages for a breach of promise case brought against him, William Mathias Williams, of Redwick, proposes earning nothing, paying nothing and living on his father. Another of the men we should like to see leave the country for their country's good.

Lucky Little Londoners.

The centre space of Wembley Stadium is to be utilised as a sports ground for London school children. The object is to discover and train young athletes. The mere spectacle of London kiddies playing organised games in the open, brightens the site of a disused Empire exhibition.

No Excuse.

For selling milk deficient in butter fat, Tailbach and Port Talbot Co-operative Society has been fined £5. This death-blow to the defence that the milk was sold as it came from the cow should warn retailers to choose their farmers with discretion.

Deserves a Home.

For twenty-eight years a wardrobe-dealer and her daughter have tenanted a Pimlico house which now has no chimneys and is to be demolished. We hope the L.C.C. authorities will find them quarters. Even the hardship of having no fire pales before that of owning no roof.

Piling Up Trouble.

Already the deserted wife and family of Joseph Henry Greening have cost the Pontypridd Guardians £385. By his being sent to two months' hard labour for arrears of maintenance and being homeless, public funds will be still further absorbed. He should be set to work.

Unavailing Suicide.

After the loss of his wife, John Nelson Collis, a Twickenham plumber, found no further interest in life and ended his own. What a pity! Although, as the coroner said, the loss of a good wife is a man's greatest tragedy, the living can do more than the dead to perpetuate her memory.

Poor Rich Woman.

Wealthy, in a house full of valuables, Miss Emily Hughes, of Quarry Edge, Cookham Dean, was found starving to death on a heap of rags. Whatever her pitiful secret, she had missed the secret of life—living in constant and sympathetic touch with the joys and sorrows of others.

Hungry and Barefoot.

Remanded on a charge of theft, Edward Thompson, a twenty-six-year-old chef, told the Marlborough magistrate he felt ill and was hungry, and had worn off his boots in a tramp for work, because he wanted in his heart to go straight. Such men are the strongest possible plea for a serious attempt to solve unemployment.

Sweet and Nasty.

Seven samples of toffee taken at Salford had in every case to be classified as adulterated by the City analyst (Mr. H. H. Bagnall). If tradesmen who deal in such stuff were compelled to show a red light, children would know where not to buy.

True Hospitality.

For the first time in City history sewer and dustmen are to be among the 1,500 staff guests of the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. Such a practical demonstration of the "Peace in Industry" slogan should not be the last.

Wasted Chances.

Given another chance under an arrears order and found work by the mayor, Fred Barry, of Darlington, let slide his opportunities and has gone to prison. Perhaps he has never heard of heaven refusing to help those who will not help themselves.

Uneven "Justice."

Bakewell Bench, which let off scot-free a woman who tied a dog to her car and drove until it was strangled and dragged bleeding to death, has fined Cecil Bannerman, of Station Road, Hathersage, £2 for stealing a packet of cigarettes. The district seethes with public indignation, and no wonder.

Ex-M.P.'s Plight.

"What would I do? Anything—even a chauffeur's job," says Captain Shipwright, who won the Penryn and Falmouth division in 1922, and lost it at the last election. Only twenty-nine, with splendid record and qualifications, willing to work, and cannot get work! What a volume of commentary on present-day conditions.

Lightening their Lot.

To lighten the lot of the blind is the duty of every individual as well as of the State. Hence we hope the Ministry of Health will readily respond to the application of the Hull Corporation for a loan of £4,000 with which to erect workshops for the training of those who have lost their sight. Nothing can wholly compensate them, but all that can be done must be done.

A Way They Have in the Army.

Wearing the tunic and trousers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Robert Muir begged for food at a coffee-stall in the Waterloo Road, at one o'clock in the morning. He was arrested, and then the police found that he had been turned out of the Army as unfit without cash or civilian clothes. The military muddler at Alloa who messed Muir up ought to be docked of his rations for a day to buck up his ideas.

Sacrificial Service.

Professor Adrian Stokes, who died in South Africa while searching for the means to conquer the scourge of yellow fever, gave his life for his fellows. One so erudite must have been fully alive to the grave risk he ran, yet he faced it willingly—nay, eagerly—in the service of mankind. We are glad to think that his last moments were comforted by the knowledge that his labours were likely to be crowned with success.

No Room for Home.

People who are for ever decrying modern youth should heed the wise words of the magistrate, Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, who says the older folk may have let the home fires burn low. But in poor homes it is not so much the slackness of the older folk as the crime of poverty. With rent at a premium there is no room for comfort in many a poor home. So the young folk trapse the streets. Where else can they go?

Brutal Red Tape.

Men who have served their country well have frequently suffered because some pensions officials prefer red-tape methods to common-sense and justice. A man at York was passed A1 for service without question and sent abroad. But after he had fought in France, lost a leg, and was in need, the officials called for proof that his health was good before he joined. A doctor could have proved it so, but he is dead. To turn down the claim of such a hero is a scandal.

A Cruel Catch.

An unemployed reader has received an offer to prepare for the "modest sum of 2s.—a skilfully phrased sales letter which is certain" to secure him a post. This is a pathetic effort at fee-snatching, for the sender of the letter is himself the victim of one of the postal-employment sharks, who has sold him the idea as a money-maker.

More about Kipling.

An enthusiast who has followed "Kipling's Crossword Puzzles," conducted postally by C. Kipling, High Street, Southend-on-Sea, whom we have previously criticised, has just worked out one of the puzzles and claims that there are umpteen different solutions to it. Kipling allows prizes "up to four errors" only!

Oh, Richard!

Richard Green, of Canford Hall, Bournemouth, wants betting people to post him £1 for directions for working his "Golden Rule" system of backing horses. He did not invent the "Golden Rule." A mathematician did, who takes no interest in racing: "he is a student immersed in his figures, careless of money." Anyone who sends that £1 to Richard Green will also be careless of money.

Jane Again.

Jane Burke, of Ashton-under-Lyne, who appeared in a county court case for possession of a caravan, was denounced by the judge. Burke wore the dress of a nun in court, by which we recognise her as a bogus "Reverend Mother" whom we exposed a year ago for cruelty to children. There is no law to prevent her wearing this sacred uniform. It is a scandal.

Cigarettes and Smoke.

The Co-operative Marketing Agency, Bucks Avenue, Watford, Herts, is inviting people to participate in a scheme to obtain "100, 200 or 500 cigarettes of standard brands *free of cost*." All you have to do is "to purchase a coupon for 6d., 1s. or 2s. 3d. (according to the quantity) and return it to us with 1s. 6d., 3s. or 6s. 9d. (according to the price of your coupon)," in return for which you get four coupons to sell to your friends. If your friends fall for it, you get your cigarettes. If not—what then?

The Lee Way.

We do not like the competition circular sent out by James Lee, Bradley Road, Nelson, Lancs. "Until February, 1927," says Lee, "I was manager to the Competition Editor and final judge of a well-known literary competition. . . . . Privately I am a prizewinner. . . . The foregoing statements are proved to the Editors of *C.J. and Everybody's Weekly*, *Ideas* and JOHN BULL"! His statements have certainly not been proved to us, and if he had been a dozen times a "final judge" it would not help him to win any the more.

Mr. Kenneth Lee—A Disclaimer.

In our issue dated September 24, we published a portrait of Mr. Kenneth Lee, of Tootal, Broadhurst, Lee Co., Ltd. in connection with the article "Watch Your Draper." Many readers have jumped to the conclusion that there was some connection between Mr. Lee and the article. We wish to make it perfectly clear that Mr. Lee knew nothing about the article until his attention was drawn to it after publication. He neither wrote the article nor inspired it, nor did he give permission for the use of his photograph in connection with it. In fairness to Mr. Kenneth Lee and the firm of which he is chairman, we would add that the policy of Messrs. Tootal, Broadhurst, Lee Co., Ltd., is to arrange a fixed selling-price to the public for all their branded and advertised goods. Their purpose is to offer their goods to the public at the lowest possible price consistent with their established high quality.

Shoo——oot!

The struggle for "*Bullets*" Tenners is nearly over—we offer the last twenty-five on page 39. The final whistle is going soon. Shoo——oot!

Problems of Life

Think the Best

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

WE are all familiar with the announcement from 2LO, "London calling the British Isles." This has now been surpassed by the successful experiment made a few evenings ago when Caterham spoke to Australia, and was well heard.

Dr. R. J. Campbell

The operator's opening words were, "Hullo, British Empire!"

This form of address will be as customary soon as the nightly news bulletin issued to all wireless receiving-stations in this country.

But what an amazing triumph of the human mind it is.

The High Commissioner for Australia was present and, after addressing the Antipodes in a suitable public manner, concluded on the following human note:

"I am sure you will all forgive me if I say a few words to my daughter Marjorie. I know she is listening. She has just had twins—two boys.

"This is for you, Marjorie. Mother and I send our love to you and the boys. We are all very glad to have the welcome news. Good-bye just now."

TRULY Senatore Marconi is a wizard. Twelve thousand miles separate this father and daughter, but the voice of the one can stir the heart of the other as though they were in the same home.

A friend of mine listened in by accident when Australia spoke to England a few days earlier.

The first thing he heard was an Australian clock striking three, and then someone asking for a match. Music and formal speech-making seemed somehow less thrilling after that.

Now comes the famous French scientist, Abbé Moreux, with a still more remarkable intimation.

He says that our brains send out etheric waves just as wireless broadcasting stations do, and that the next great step in the scientific conquest of Nature will be the enlightened control of thought and feeling.

In a sense this is no new discovery. But it needs to be lifted out of the category of things that are vaguely believed, and as imperfectly understood.

And what then?

It will help to make a better world. Even now wireless is doing something towards this end: it is lessening the chances of war.

WHEN statesmen of different nations can converse directly instead of exchanging views by the written word they will understand each other better.

When one friend feels aggrieved by another the advice is generally good: "Don't write; a letter may be misunderstood. Go and have a talk with him."

And when we learn that our very thoughts are potent forces radiating for good or ill to the ends of the earth, we shall realise the importance of thinking the best.

Bad thoughts are bombs.

BOGUS V.C.: Astonishing Exploits

A CROOK'S PECULIAR KINK

The Prison-Bar Farce

SHOULD a man who obviously possesses a kink for one particular form of crime and, in those circumstances, commits the same sort of offence time after time, be more or less permanently incarcerated in a prison cell?

A more extraordinary story evolving upon this particular question would be hard to find than that which surrounds the remarkable career of Charles Frederick Harris, of Cambridge Street, Victoria, S.W., who is known to the police all over the country as a persistent breaker of the law.

Harris, who is only thirty-five, has a mania for disguising himself as a decorated and distinguished soldier of the Regular Army, and, although he has on several occasions been sent to prison for doing so, remains permanently unvanquished.

Desecrating a decoration

Prison, in fact, seems only to increase his insane desire to wear military uniform and to wander abroad as a highly placed officer of His Majesty's Forces, existing the while as best he may.

A few days ago Harris was having a cup of tea in a Holborn restaurant, when a detective noticed something peculiar about his appearance.

Although he was dressed in the uniform of a Guards captain, with three stars upon his shoulder-straps, and with the riband of the Victoria Cross affixed to his tunic, his general demeanour suggested that he was anything but a regular officer, and his strangeness of manner prompted the detective to ask him who he was.

Upon being challenged, Harris said that he was "Captain Ramsey, V.C.," but was quite unable to produce any evidence to bear out his statements.

When he was told that the detective proposed to take him to Bow Street Police Station for enquiries, he created quite a scene, wildly questioning the attitude of the police in daring to arrest him.

The police officer was quite right, of course.

"Captain Ramsey, V.C.," had no right to the uniform he was wearing or to the sacred decoration which adorned it, and was, therefore, breaking the law by wearing it.

And although "Captain Ramsey, V.C.," vehemently protested that he was leading an honest life, Mr. Fry, the magistrate—who had no other alternative open to him—sent him to jail once more, where he is now.

Useless procedure

What is the use of sending a man like this to jail? What guarantee is there that, when he comes out, he will not almost certainly do precisely the same sort of thing again, as he has done time after time before?

A period of proper training in a home, which is specially equipped to deal with such cases, might have far better results.

Let us look into some of his recent operations. At one time, in the name of Martin, he dressed himself up in the uniform of a sergeant of the Military Police, and, wearing the D.C.M. ribbon—to which he was not entitled—called upon clergymen in different parts.

In view of his pronounced mental peculiarities and long prison record,

Charles Frederick Harris

he could get no honest work, and he told these clergymen a foolish story which, upon the least enquiry, could have been exploded.

Borrowed and bunked

He was, he said, anxious to leave the Military Police and obtain a job as a drill instructor to the cadet corps attached to the local parish.

Although no one can say what effect such a person would have upon the minds of impressionable youths, Martin invited the clergymen to take him on in that capacity. In most cases, of course, he was turned down on the spot, but here and there obtained money.

On another occasion, in the uniform of an officer attached to the staff of General Headquarters, he went to certain dwelling-houses, in neighbourhoods where military manœuvres were taking place, and informed the occupiers that he—acting in the district temporarily as military interpreter—was to be billeted there.

Talking a lot of rubbish about the service he had never seen, he borrowed various small sums of money and absconded.

Mostly his offences have been both trifling and petty.

On one occasion, however, with his senseless desire for military adornments, he perpetrated a crime the dangers of which need not be emphasised.

A young girl had got herself into trouble, and, believing him to be a doctor, invited his assistance. As "Captain Ramsey, R.A.M.C.," he promised to help the girl, and immediately ordered supplies of prohibited drugs from local stores.

Having no medical knowledge whatever, and not realising that the smallest quantity was likely to have fatal results, he administered practically the whole of the drugs to the girl, seriously endangering her life.

How the chemists he imposed upon ever permitted themselves to supply this poor demented fool with such instruments of death was never discovered. Ramsey, however, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour.

Uncontrollable obsession

At the time many people wondered why he was not sent to some special home for treatment in preference to jail.

During the past year or two, Ramsey, who has a string of military aliases, has been convicted on several occasions.

Always it is the same story which is told to the magistrate—his absolutely uncontrollable obsession to wear the uniform of some distinguished officer or another in His Majesty's Forces.

Another chapter in his career concerns his exploits as "Captain Ramsey, of the Royal Army Medical Corps."

He called upon a woman in a provincial town, and, telling her that he was about to retire from the Army in order to take an important post at the local hospital, asked her to lend him sufficient money to enable him to obtain certain surgical instruments which were required before he could commence his duties.

The woman lent the money, and the captain departed—never to see her again. The sum of money obtained, however, was so small that it made his story about the hospital appointment a ridiculous one in the extreme.

What should be done

Why is he always sent to jail?

People who know him intimately are convinced that, unless he is properly looked after and treated scientifically, he will go from bad to worse.

The facts we have given here certainly lend colour to that possibility.

At the moment, as we say, he is in jail. His present sentence is a short one, however, and he is shortly due to take his discharge. Prompt action is therefore needed at once.

Will the Home Secretary order an enquiry into the present state of Ramsey's mind?

It is, after all, in his own interests—as well as in the interests of society in general—that a definite medical opinion should be expressed without further delay regarding his extraordinary and, more often than not, very dangerous abnormalities.

"Soldiering" Doesn't Pay!

Another Employment Farce

THE temptation of the out-of-work man to spend what few shillings he can spare on some home-employment scheme is great. It is not difficult to imagine the attraction of the following advertisement which has appeared recently:

Earn Big Money making Lead Soldiers from our casting moulds. We purchase output. Catalogue free or sample mouldings 6d.—The Cathedral Traders (D.D.), 26, College Lane, Liverpool.

This attracted the notice of a reader anxious to earn "big money," and sixpence was accordingly sent.

The "free catalogue" proved to be nothing more than a cheaply printed single sheet of numbered designs for the moulds, and the two "samples" were lead soldiers worth about one farthing each.

A printed letter accompanied the samples and catalogue, in which it was stated that before the applicant could commence work £1 must be sent for an outfit. No mention was made of this in the advertisement.

Sinking profits

The "outfit" would consist of "one patent casting-mould, one box of eight non-poisonous paints (with brushes) and one ladle for pouring out the lead."

The Cathedral Traders, whose directors are J. A. Jamieson and R. P. Phillips, offered to forward the outfit on payment of 5s. only, and would allow the other 15s. to be paid in cash or output within one month.

A little investigation produces some interesting facts. The Traders say they are prepared to buy back the output at 5s. per gross and, at the same time, suggest providing special lead at nearly 4d. per lb.

As one gross of lead soldiers weighs about 7 lbs., the bare cost of supplying the Cathedral Traders with them would be nearly 2s. 4d., which does not leave a very large margin of profit.

In fact, by the time carriage is allowed for, the profit will have sunk very considerably.

"J. J." who initials the correspondence of the Cathedral Traders, Liverpool, admits that "with a little practice the worker ought to be able to paint three or four dozen soldiers in an hour."

Expert opinion

According to this calculation, it would take at least three hours to complete that gross of soldiers for the market, and we consider that the scheme scarcely offers even a speculative interest for three hours' intricate labour.

Readers will be well advised to keep their pounds in safer custody than that offered by such home-employment schemes.

It is the opinion, based on hard experience, of many unemployed men that "soldiering" does not pay. No less unprofitable is toy-soldiering, on the basis suggested by the Cathedral Traders.

SONGS YOU CANNOT SING

OLD TRAPS FOR YOUNG AUTHORS

A Parson We Respect

An advertisement recently appeared in a provincial paper offering to give expert tuition to amateur writers in the art of short-story writing.

Answering it, a reader received a letter from a firm called Walmer & Co., Agents and Educational Specialists, of Victoria Street, Manchester.

Amongst other things, it stated that Walmer and Co. could supply "just this necessary training" to start aspiring writers on the road to fame and fortune.

The fee for a full course of ten lessons was stated to be a guinea. From those who could not afford this sum outright, Walmer and Co. were good enough to accept 5s. on enrolment, and ten fortnightly payments of 2s. each.

Our reader sent 5s. In reply he received a two-paged "lesson," which contained little information other than that which could have been obtained for nothing by a person who was possessed of ordinary common-sense.

Impossible claim

Who are Walmer and Co.? What famous writers or literary experts are behind this company to enable it to dispense all the arts of literary work at a few shillings a time?

According to the file at Somerset House, it is a one-woman concern, the proprietor of which is given as Sarah Bennett, of "Walmer," Middlewood Road, Stockport. The company, therefore, is named after the house.

And, if Sarah Bennett knows all that there is to be known about literature, she certainly does not know all there is to be known about the Business Names Act, for she is committing an offence by not having her own name printed on the notepaper of her company.

But—can people really learn the art of writing in this way? The journalistic world says an emphatic "No."

For ages it has been an accepted fact that writers are born, not made—except, of course, in the hard and bitter world of experience.

Trading on vanity

Let us pass from Walmer and Co. —which certainly gives *something* in return for the fees paid to it—to deal with some stories about other firms which have recently been told to the Rev. T. P. Stevens, of St. Matthew's Church, New Kent Road, London, S.E.

Mr. Stevens, who is the editor of the *Southwark Diocesan Gazette*, is well known in South London as a ready adviser. He knows quite a lot about firms who trade upon human vanity, and is heading a campaign against them.

A few weeks ago he received a visit from a would-be poet in her teens.

She had seen an advertisement that song-poems were required for musical settings, and sent one. The words of the first verse run something like this:

The day is bright,
And so is the night:
And Father's in bed with the 'flu:
He'll get all right,
Strike a light!
And Aunt Ann Maria has married a Jew.

What, asks Mr. Stevens, could be more moving than this?

"The opening topic—the weather —is of universal interest," he writes. "Then the poignant note is struck Think of dear old father—father on a bed of pain. What could be more pathetic?

"But," Mr. Stevens goes on, "the poet does not leave us in despair. 'He'll get all right.' The old man will revive and get well again.

"The imagery of 'Strike a light' eludes me," he concludes, "but I know that a thousand good purposes are served by the striking of a match."

The subtlety of those final words needs no emphasis.

The firm advertising for song-poems, however, did not think the poem ought to be burnt, for it wrote the young lady a letter from which it was clear that the proprietors were greatly struck by it.

The firm stated that it ought to be published, and for five guineas, indeed—which the young girl wanted to borrow from the clergyman!—it would have it set to music and would guarantee an offer from a publisher.

Money in it

Mr. Stevens saved it the trouble by advising the young lady to have nothing to do with the offer.

The firm would have had it set to music all right, and a publisher afterwards would have published it—after getting ready cash in advance!

In another case a Sunday-school teacher went to Mr. Stevens and told the old story he hears so often.

She had got in touch with another firm which wanted stories. She could not write, but thought she could, and had sent the unskilled output of her pen to the firm.

The Rev. T. P. Stevens

Back came a letter full of praise. There was, she was assured, "money in it," but the firm was unable to see its way to publish it at its own expense.

All it wanted to print the book and place it upon the market was the modest sum of £80!

The woman hadn't eighty pence. So she had written back saying that she couldn't afford anything like that sum.

Down and down the amount came until, eventually, the woman made up her mind to go to a money-lender.

Fortunately she went to Mr. Stevens first. After that she had the greatest possible difficulty in getting her contributions back!

Many firms thrive in this way. They praise useless literary efforts, induce aspiring writers to pay for the cost of printing, and there the matter ends.

That is why we raise our hat to the Rev. T. P. Stevens, who is doing a good work in helping us to prevent foolish people from being parted from their money at the price of vanity and ignorance.

A SUNDAY GREYHOUND HUNT

THE TWO-TRACK TRIO

MR. A. STEWART McLEOD is going to form a syndicate with the object of opening two racetracks for greyhound racing. One is to be in the East End of London on a factory site; the other will be on the South of the Thames, and within a twopenny tram ride of the City.

There can be no possible doubt about this, because Mr. McLeod says so himself. He said it, in fact, at some length to a reader of John Bull, who replied to an advertisement and in due course saw Mr. McLeod at Egyptian House, in Piccadilly.

Baffling puzzle

The syndicate requires a capital of £2,000. We know this is so, too, because Mr. McLeod says so. Having got the £2,000, the syndicate will float a company with a capital of £60,000.

Mr. Gene Morelle, whose office is in Palace House, Shaftesbury Avenue, is also going to form a syndicate with the object of opening two racetracks for greyhound racing.

Mr. McLeod says that Mr. Morelle's scheme is the same as his scheme.

When our reader learned this he was puzzled, because Mr. J. Montgomery, whose office is in Adelaide Street, Charing Cross, had also weighed in with the information that he, too, would be pleased to furnish our reader with all details.

Another in the field

But this was only the beginning of the puzzle, for Mr. W. R. Ashton, who claims blood relationship with Henry Allen Ashton, for ever famous in the annals of John Bull, is also apparently going to help to form a syndicate with the object of opening two race-tracks for greyhound racing.

So that not only is Mr. Morelle's scheme Mr. McLeod's, but Mr. McLeod's scheme is also Mr. Ashton's. The whole three of them may or may not agree that it is also the scheme of Mr. J. Montgomery.

Our reader was so incautious as to suggest that if he liked the scheme of Mr. McLeod—and presumably therefore the schemes also of Mr. Morelle, Mr. Ashton and Mr. Montgomery—he might possibly invest from £500 to £800 in it.

So earnest and anxious was somebody that they—or should it be he? —went post-haste out of London to Maidenhead, where our reader lived. Alas! Enthusiasm was damped, for our reader was not at home.

But though enthusiasm received a check, optimism and persistence did not, for an anxiously scribbled note was pushed through his letter-box urging him to call, 'phone, do anything in fact to get into touch with the gentlemen—or should it be gentleman?—who are, or is, about to float a syndicate to open two race-tracks for greyhound racing.

And they did this on a Sunday, too!

Ominous promise

Our reader returned home, found the note, and went out again.

A further note was left with more urgings to communicate with the gentleman—or should it be gentlemen?

Our reader, in fact, gathered that not only was he going to be allowed to invest his money in this syndicate, but he was even going to get "a satisfactory temporary salary for a couple of weeks before we get going in full swing."

Can it possibly be that once more we smell that ancient game of investment-with-employment?

A wise move

In any case, we are afraid our reader will not get his "temporary salary"—we like that word temporary!—because neither the syndicate that Mr. McLeod is going to float, nor those that Messrs. Montgomery, Ashton and Morelle are going to float, even if they are all one and the same syndicate, is going to get our reader's £500 or £800.

We think our reader was perhaps wise to forego even a temporary salary rather than invest £500 or £800.

A DANGEROUS CRAZE

GAMBLING-HELLS FOR MOTHERS

The Sweet-Shop Casino

THERE is something radically wrong with the shopkeeper or his stock if he must have recourse to gambling machines on his premises. Such places are very much better left alone

THE latest craze to seize the popular fancy in certain industrial areas all over the country is what is known as the fruit machine, which has already had a spell of prosperity in London.

The fruit machine is an adaptation of some of those mechanical contrivances to be found on the pier at the seaside and lining the walls of so-called "fun palaces."

This ingenious contraption is now installed in shops in poor neighbourhoods in various provincial towns, and is doing a tremendous business amongst poor people who can ill afford to lose the money which they are invited to spend on the machine.

Winner both ways

Instead of putting a penny in the slot and getting a penn'orth of fun watching it disappear as you manipulate the levers or turn the wheels, you insert discs or checks which you buy first of all from a conscienceless shopkeeper and endeavour to bring about a certain combination of "fruits."

If the apples and pears and cherries and grapes and the rest of the compote do not turn up in their proper order you've lost and, with King Bruce's spider in mind, you try again.

True, the spider got there in the finish, but if he had had to buy discs for the attempt he would have been considerably out of pocket by the time he got to the ceiling.

If you are lucky—skilful is hardly the word—you get a number of checks back out of the machine, which can be exchanged for goods over the counter.

Far more often than not your luck is about as good as that of the country lumpkin who tried to "find the lady" or spot the pea under the thimble. And the results are just as disastrous.

The shopkeeper wins both ways. He sells you the checks you lose and exchanges his goods for any that you can win.

Fabulous takings

The lure of long odds appeals to the man with only a few beans, even if they be his last, just as they do to the gambler at the Casino at Monte Carlo. You go on to the end and usually lose.

Some startling disclosures on the way money is being frittered away on those machines were made at a meeting the other day of the Leeds and District Grocers' and Provision Dealers' Association.

It was reported that the machines were taking a "fabulous amount of money" each week and that the method of using them was gambling of the worst kind.

One member, Mr. J. H. Taylor, said he had been in villages in which practically the whole of Sunday was given over to gambling in this way.

Another member, Mr. J. H. Fitton, speaking from personal knowledge, said that the machines were doing more to demoralise poor people than anything else just now, and that children in Leeds were going hungry through money which ought to have been spent on food being poured into the machines by their foolish mothers.

We can quite believe it.

Some shocking tales of the misery caused in Leeds alone were told at the meeting.

Mr. H. L. Matthews, O.B.E., Chief Constable of Leeds

The other day, a woman went into a fruit-machine shop in South Leeds, remarking that 3s. was all the money she had. In half an hour her last penny was gone in the machine. She left, but soon returned with 4s. 6d. which she had raised at "uncle's" on "the old man's Sunday suit."

Another 3s. soon went the way of the first and she pulled up. "I'll have to keep this bit," she told the shopkeeper. "We've nothing to eat in the house."

Wise action

Another story was about a small boy who was crying in school one afternoon. His teacher asked him what was the matter and he said he had had no dinner. His mother had lost all her money in the machine.

No doubt this invention of the devil will die a natural death like "put and take" and the other crazes which have come and gone.

But it is a thousand pities that the greedy shopkeepers who are making rich harvests out of the fruit machines on their premises cannot be dealt with, in some way or other, under the Gaming Act.

We congratulate the Leeds grocers and provision dealers on bringing the matter to the notice of their Chief Constable and the local Watch Committee.

And we hope that the latter gentleman is giving the matter his whole-hearted attention.

If trading associations in other localities would take similar action, the Home Secretary might be stirred into doing what he can with the law as it stands to cure the cancer.

Meanwhile, we hope the provincial police themselves will see if they cannot take some action wherever breaches of the Gaming Act and other irregularities are taking place.

POP GOES THE PUP!

THE PENNY FLY-BY-NIGHT

An Accommodation Catch

REFERENCES as to stability are not always what they appear to be. When goods are asked for on credit, it is safer for traders to look closely into the references tendered

THE "accommodation address" scandal, which has been responsible during the last few years for the wholesale victimisation of people in all parts of the country, should engage the attention of Parliament as early as possible after it reopens.

No better story of the way in which people can be robbed by bogus firms through the use of accommodation addresses can be told than that of a one-man concern called Staple and Company, which recently opened its offices in High Holborn, W.C.

Staple and Company was described on nicely-printed notepaper as being "Manufacturers, Sundriesmen and General Merchants," and its leading light, who is a gentleman by the name of Philip Lloyd Causley, has been engaged in purchasing goods on credit from all and sundry.

Willing testimony

He wrote to one firm, for example, and ordered about £60 worth of fancy goods. The supplying firm, before agreeing to send the goods, asked for a reference.

"Staple and Company," upon receipt of this request, replied that they were only too glad to oblige, and gave the name of "W. J. Judd and Company" as a firm who would only too gladly testify as to the stability and genuineness of the Staple company.

The supplying firm wrote to "Messrs. W. J. Judd and Company," and, in the course of a post or two, received a glowing reference.

The ordered goods were thereupon dispatched.

The period of credit having expired, the firm which had supplied the goods to "Staple and Co." wrote asking for a cheque. They did not get one. They submitted and re-submitted their account, but still no money came.

Then they made a few enquiries to find that "Staple and Company" of High Holborn was not a company at all, but only a trading name for Mr. Causley.

It was also discovered that the address of "Messrs. W. J. Judd and Co."—who had so kindly given the reference—was an accommodation one, being a newspaper shop where letters could be called for at a penny a time!

Humble aids

Other supplying concerns have shared a similar fate at the instance of the accommodating but completely bogus "Staple and Co."

Some firms, before supplying goods, took the precaution to ask for two references.

"Oh, that's quite all right," smiled the genial Philip Lloyd Causley, the manager of the Staple company.

He gave the two necessary references, one from "W. J. Judd and Co." and the other from "Messrs. Cathcart and Crawshay," which, needless to say, was also a little shop which accepted letters for a small fee.

Buying a pup

By writing his own references and using for this purpose unauthorised names of firms, "Staple and Co." alias Causley—who is also known to the police by the name of Bryant—got valuable supplies of umbrellas, fancy goods, suitcases, etc., before his little game was seen through by the authorities.

All he did was to pay for letters to be addressed to the two firms at the accommodation addresses concerned, and, when references were asked for, collect the letters and reply to them in the names of the companies, giving himself nice testimonials!

Is it not a scandal? Just think of it.

Any person, no matter who or what he may be, can go to an accommodation address, register his name there, and then proceed to collect all the letters he cares to have addressed there without any further ado or enquiry!

Take another case.

A dog-breeder in Scotland received a letter recently from a Leicester Square address asking for an eight-guinea puppy.

After certain correspondence had transpired, the London client ordered the dog to be sent to King's Cross, where it would be collected by her maid.

Upon its safe arrival, a cheque would be sent.

The puppy was despatched, but the cheque never came. Enquiries at the Leicester Square address elicited the fact that the address was an accommodation one!

Scotch the swindlers!

In another case a man named Gale made a tour of certain London suburbs canvassing orders for a ballot alleged to be run by a furnishing stores, the name of which is well known. He gave his address as being in the vicinity of Holborn.

When he had disappeared with a lot of money paid by unsuspecting people, enquiries revealed the interesting information that the name of the furnishing firm had been misused.

Gale's "headquarters" were found to be at another of those accommodation addresses which, in such cases as these, are a menace to the commercial reputation of the country.

If Parliament will only frame adequate laws to deal with the problem, there is no doubt whatever that the operations of such "accommodation address" swindlers can be easily but effectively scotched.

ASTONISHING PASSPORT PLOT

GUESTS WE DO NOT WANT

The Business-Letter Bluff

THE authorities have discovered that there are in circulation to-day a number of forged passports and identity cards, with the aid of which undesirable aliens are able to come to this country and remain here without fear of detection.

A little while ago the police, following up certain information which had reached them from the East End of London, made an arrest in the person of Mr. Gershon Schatz, of Collingwood Street, Bethnal Green, E.

For some time Mr. Gershon Schatz had been busying himself in "naturalisation work" and, in the summer of this year, gave a firm of printers an order to print for him one hundred identity books.

He approached the firm and, confiding to them that the Home Office had granted him special permission to get the books printed, handed them a specimen for copying purposes.

Extended excursions

This "specimen" was a book which had been stolen from an alien in a street scuffle some little time before!

The Home Office, of course, did not even know of the existence of Mr. Schatz, and certainly had not given him permission to have the printing done at all.

After the police had completed their enquiries they came to the conclusion that the books were required for faking purposes, to enable undesirable aliens to stay here after they had succeeded, by some irregular means, in getting into the country.

Russians and Poles, anxious to bring relatives, friends and confederates over to this country, have merely to tell them to come here by the day-boats from Ostend or Boulogne, upon which any person can make a brief excursion journey, without a passport, with a few hours thrown in in which to land.

These day excursionists are supposed, of course, to return by the night boat. Some do not do so.

Profitable trade

The moment they arrive at a British port, they are met by friends who furnish them with a false identity book which enables them to remain here unchallenged.

Genuine identity books are issued by the Aliens Registration Office at Bow Street, and cost one shilling. The faked documents cost anything up to £50!

In order to show how useful these false books and passports are in the hands of undesirable aliens we will give a typical case.

Some little time ago a visitor to our shores named Neumann was arrested for being found in this country without permission. No one knows how he got here, or from whence he came. Certain it was, however, that he was here for no good purpose.

He was passing in the name of Dean, and posing as a British subject. When he fell into the hands of the police, by chance, the passport found in his possession was an irregular one which had been sold to him by an alien in London for 500 francs!

It must not be thought that unwanted aliens always come here by the day excursion boats. It has been discovered that the gang which specialises in forged passports also specialises in bogus business letters.

These letters are written in London for the sole purpose of deceiving the police and the passport officials abroad.

What happens is this. A foreigner anxious to get into this country, and not minding what he pays for the privilege, receives a letter by arrangement from a member of the gang stating that he is wanted in London for a few days on business grounds.

These letters are written on the extravagantly got-up notepaper of a non-existent London firm, and when the alien takes the letter to the passport officials of his own country, he is given a temporary permit to come to England. Upon arrival here, of course, he is provided with a forged identity card.

Some members of the gang specialise in stealing passports for faking purposes. The other evening, for instance, a Frenchman named Armand Noel was knocked down in a street near the London Docks, and, in the scuffle, his passport was wrenched from him.

Clever leader

His assailants are still at large for, being taken unawares, Noel was not at all clear as to who it was who attacked him, and actually gave in charge some men who were innocent.

The ringleader of this gang works completely in the background, and is believed to be a notorious Frenchman, who has at least three flats in London, where he entertains lavishly upon the huge profits that are made in this fake-passport conspiracy.

Mr. Hubert Martin, C.B.E., Chief Passport Officer, whose department is doing everything possible to stamp out this scandal

The police have been making enquiries about him for some time, and although they feel certain that he has been behind most of the mock marriages—framed to give undesirable alien women British nationality—he does his work so cleverly that they have so far been unable to prove a definite charge against him.

From the facts we have given, however, it will be seen that this is a scandal which must be checked before it develops beyond repair.

Quite enough aliens get into England legitimately. We cannot afford to have their number increased by the unscrupulous operations here denounced.

A Risky "Sweep"

Too-Trustful Agents

IT would be quite interesting to know from whom Messrs. James Duncan and Co., commission agents, of Oswald Street, Glasgow, secure the addresses of the people to whom they are sending, apparently without discrimination, books of lottery tickets for the Cesarewitch.

It is evident that an enormous number are being sent out, because the letter enclosed with each book is printed and is much like a cheap handbill.

The price of the ticket is 1s. and there are twenty-five in each book.

Innocent trust

The strangers to whom these books are sent are asked to sell the tickets, remit £1 to Messrs. Duncan and pocket the 5s. balance as commission.

Surely these Glasgow commission agents are almost too trustful? Surely they are trying poor human nature too high?

May not some of the recipients of Messrs. Duncan's forethought succumb to the temptation to sell the twenty-five tickets and also successfully resist the temptation to send the remittance to Glasgow?

Pointed questions

In that event, if Messrs. Duncan lose both tickets and money, how can they hope to get either back, since sweepstakes are illegal in England? And if too many people fail to remit, where will the "guarantee" prize-money, £1,250, come from?

Messrs. Duncan, for all we know, may be good for ten times that amount, but how is the prize-money guaranteed? Who guarantees it? What is the financial standing of the guarantors?

These are questions that all who are asked to purchase tickets are justified in asking.

What guarantee have Messrs. Duncan that the money realised by the sale of the tickets in England will find its way to Glasgow?

What guarantee have the buyers of tickets that the "guaranteed" prize-money will find its way to the winners?

Sparrow's Pickings

Why Quackery Pays

WHAT exactly are the peculiar qualifications necessary for the profession of "consultant psychologist"? Judging by a statement of account which has reached us, the profession seems to be a very profitable one.

On the other hand, the "consultant" may not be quite so prosperous as the figures on his account would lead one to imagine, since the latter bears no printed or engraved heading. It is hand-written on what appears to be a half-sheet of not very good notepaper.

The gentleman who rendered the account is a Mr. J. Sparrow, of Rodney Street, Liverpool. It refers to six consultations and seventy-eight treatments from November 1, 1926, to April 30, 1927.

Strange business

The "consultations" were generally two guineas a time, the "treatments" one guinea. The total charge shown is £94 10s., with £62 10s. paid on account.

The patient to whom the account refers was a young lady who consulted Sparrow because of ill-health, caused by a period of acute nervous stress.

She declares that she did not receive all the treatments entered on the account; that she paid in advance for all treatments and consultations, but that she received no receipts.

Mr. Sparrow's version of the story may be different.

Incredible foolishness

What is clear throughout this and similar transactions is the incredible foolishness upon which unqualified practitioners thrive.

Here is a young lady who pays two guineas a time for a specialist's fee and thereafter one guinea for each treatment to a "consultant psychologist," when in order to get the consultant's address she would have to pass the very doors of medical men of distinction who would have treated her at a cheaper rate and with more prospect of success.

This country is infested with quacks of all kinds because quackery pays. Quackery pays because there are so many fools about.

Here's the Branded Handkerchief for your Window Display.

Just to remind you of

PYRAMID
REG'D

HANDKERCHIEFS FOR MEN

A little reminder of a big reduction in price of Pyramids. See the wide choice of fancy white and guaranteed colours. The many new and original designs include smart colour centres and shot effects to go with the new suitings. **All now only 9½d. each.**

In addition, there's a wonderful new plain white hemstitched Pyramid (not fancy borders) **at only 6½d.** A marvel of value. See it!

They're Tootals too!

Name label on every Pyramid.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LIMITED, MANCHESTER

JOHN BULL'S Great Offer to Traders

OVER

£500

in cash prizes for

WINDOW DISPLAYS

of Goods Advertised in "John Bull."

THE reception given to JOHN BULL'S Great National Window Display Competition has been overwhelming. Traders in villages, towns and big cities all over the country have responded in magnificent fashion to JOHN BULL'S clarion call to "sell more goods." Entries for the Competition come pouring in by every post. The simplicity of the scheme, the absence of irksome rules, the big prizes, the opportunity for getting windows in the limelight and attracting the crowds—all these features have made a tremendous appeal.

The Scheme in a Nutshell.

LOOK through this copy of JOHN BULL and any subsequent issues up to December 31 and select any one line of advertised goods. Make a Window Display of the goods for a period of not less than one week. Take a photograph of the display and submit the photograph to JOHN BULL. That is all. Here is the full prize list:

First Prize £500 and a Gold Medal for the Window Dresser

Second Prize £100 and a Silver Medal for the Window Dresser

Third Prize £50 and a Bronze Medal for the Window Dresser

Fifty Prizes of One Guinea

One Thousand Diplomas of Merit.

To every "JOHN BULL" Reader.
If your local trader does not yet know about this Competition, kindly show him this announcement.

Everyone Stands an Equal Chance.

THE large trader and the small trader compete on equal terms. Ideas and originality will win the big prizes. A large display is not necessary. Part of a window devoted to the Competition may win the £500 First Prize.

Commence To-day.

THE sooner your display appears, the more business you will attract, therefore begin to plan your display to-day. Remember that the goods advertised in *this issue* of JOHN BULL are eligible for Window Displays. *You may compete as many times as you wish.*

"Star-Studded Windows."

You will be provided with a JOHN BULL "Star," and full particulars of the Competition directly you have posted the Entry Form below. From now on throughout the country, windows displaying the special JOHN BULL "Star" will rivet the gaze of passers-by.

As announced elsewhere a weekly prize of £5 is offered to the public for the best description received on a postcard of any Window Display entered for the Competition.

Share in this big trade boom. The coupon below will bring you full particulars without obligation. Post it at once.

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM.

To JOHN BULL National Window Display Competition Dept. J.B. 2, 85, Long Acre. London, W.C.2.

Please send me without obligation full particulars of the JOHN BULL Window Display Competition. I am a bona fide trader and attach my billhead, card or business notepaper.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Description of Business .....

Date .....1927.

8/10/27 J.B.

WE spend £15,000,000 a year on an Air Force, and are relying on a false security. The Force is actually an added inducement to war. Steps must be taken to control it so that it serves only for purposes of peace

The Great Air Myth

by CAPTAIN G. M. GARRO-JONES, M.P.

A GOVERNMENT department may employ large numbers of brainy gentlemen (adequately paid); it may be efficient in its routine; it may even possess an intellectual Minister at its head; but if the architecture of its policy, under successive Governments, is small in conception and obviously lacking in any statesmanlike plan, that department has no brain.

Such is the Air Ministry; and it costs us £15,000,000 a year in cash, about eighty of our finest young lives per annum, and a considerable loss of prestige throughout the world. Besides, it lulls us into a false sense of security against war risks for which (if it has any reason for being at all) it ought to be a sure protection.

Let us examine civil aviation first. Out of Air Estimates of £15,000,000 per annum, less than £500,000 is spent to develop the great possibilities of civil air transport.

And even that small proportion has a military motive, for well over £200,000 of it is spent as subsidies to the Imperial Airways monopoly, to enable it to maintain as passenger machines a supply of potential air bombers, and to maintain a regular air service for strategic purposes from Egypt to India.

The game of pretence

Of course, each Government has pretended that these subsidies were merely to tide the air lines over their early difficulties. Did not Mr. Winston Churchill make an epigram about it? "Civil aviation," he brightly said, more than a year ago, "must fly by itself."

It is not "flying by itself" because our machines put up a brilliant performance in a freak contest like the Schneider Cup Race, though that performance is an undoubted encouragement.

The stubborn facts are these: For every mile flown by machines of Imperial Airways the State has to pay 3s. 4½d. Comparing the total subsidy and the total number of passengers, we find that the gay gentlemen and others who go for a joy ride to the Continent receive an average contribution of £10 apiece from the State towards the trip.

The subsidy is based on mileage, and if towards the end of the year the mileage is falling a little low on regular air routes, there is a remedy at hand.

Either Sir Samuel Hoare, the Air Minister, or General Branker, the Civil Aviation Chief (to their credit they are very fond of flying), is always ready to undertake a flight, to the ends of the earth, to advertise and encourage the services!

For the Air Minister these flights have an added advantage. He is a master of the "arts babblative and scribblative," and on his return he can make many precise speeches, and write almost lyrical memoranda on what the future holds in store for aviation!

Hopelessly outstripped

But apart from these pleasant aspects of the matter, there is what might be called the business side of aviation, which we must examine.

In 1926, the British Empire had only 6,000 miles out of 31,000 miles of organised air routes; and by far the greater part of the 6,000 miles of routes had nothing to do with Britain, but were organised by our Dominions. British civil aircraft do only one-tenth of the world's air mileage; we are hopelessly outstripped by Germany, and outstripped in spite of the heavy handicaps the Peace Treaty for long imposed upon her.

French machines fly at least four times the mileage of the machines of Great Britain. In the year ended March, 1926, foreign aircraft actually shared about evenly with us the cross-Channel traffic to and from London. And this despite the undoubted superiority of British pilots.

The subsidy has been in force since 1920—it was inaugurated, strangely enough, by the author of the aphorism that civil aviation must fly by itself. Mr. Churchill has the credit for the saying and the subsidy!

One bright spot

It would not be fair to conceal the one bright spot in the administration of Imperial Airways. It is due to the efficiency of the pilots and aerodrome staffs, and not to the Air Ministry. It consists in the magnificent reliability, through all kinds of weather, of such services as do run.

In 1925, for example, a year for which all relevant figures are available, only 3 per cent. of flights in our fickle European climate failed to reach their destination on the same day. Only 7 per cent. were delayed at all, while 93 per cent. of flights were uninterrupted.

In almost every other respect, however, Britain lags far behind.

The subsidy system has failed. British aviation can never succeed until a machine has been evolved which will fly on a regular line and pay its way with the normal traffic offered.

And if public money is to be spent, it ought to be spent either by the Government directly, or in the shape of rewards for successful inventions, in efforts to produce the plane which will fly profitably without the support of subsidies.

This machine can and must be designed. It never will be while the Imperial Airways is doped into a state of coma by the subsidy. If Mr. Churchill didn't mean it, the British taxpayer does—civil aviation *must* fly by itself.

Doleful prospect

At present it is not flying by itself; it is being towed, and with its 10s. paid shares standing at 1s. or less, it looks like crashing altogether!

It would be bad enough if the control of civilian flying exhausted the responsibility of the Air Ministry.

Unhappily, that is only a minor part of its activities. For the department is responsible for the defence of Britain and her teeming populations against attack from the air. How has it faced up to that responsibility? The answer is not at all.

For no Secretary of State for Air has ever lifted a finger to prevent air warfare by proposing air disarmament, and though we spend this £15,000,000 annually, the fighting strength of our Royal Air Force is numerically so weak as to make us completely vulnerable to air attack, if it ever *was* contemplated, from the Continent.

The latest authoritative figures show that France has 1,280 first-line aeroplanes against our 750. She has 3,000 pilots on the active list. We have 2,000. And nearly half of our air forces are patrolling the Empire's deserts, and would still be there (for war comes swiftly if at all) while London was being bombed.

Now if the Air Ministry had a brain, a very moderate amount of thinking would suggest that two courses of action were open to a great country. Either it should make avowed and strenuous overtures to Europe to limit air armaments and restrict air warfare, or, if our rivals declined the first proposal, it should maintain an air force strong enough to be unchallengeable.

Captain G. M. Garro-Jones, M.P.

The brain would whisper that to spend £15,000,000 a year on false security is an unprofitable policy.

An Air Force large enough to be a heavy burden on the nation's finances, yet not large enough, if war came, to protect first itself, and then our people, from bullets, gas and bombs, is a grand folly.

But, as the Air Ministry has never had a brain, it has tolerated and advocated that folly for ten years.

Demon of discord

The last Geneva Naval Disarmament conference failed. The League of Nations is preparing for another Disarmament Conference. But already the demon of discord has breathed his influence over its counsels. The conference will fail.

It will fail because every delegate will go there imbued with the desire to keep his country's forces as large and not as small as possible in relation to the forces of other countries. It will fail because the proposals, not being thorough enough, excite suspicion.

Why will the nations not learn, why will the Air Ministry and Cabinet not propose, that the sphere of disarmament talk and enquiry have gone far enough. There is a proposal for *action* in the field. It has been made in the House of Commons.

Let Britain propose to the world the following clause for the international code: No weapon or material of offence, or capable of offence, whether bomb, poison-gas, machine-gun, or any other such weapon or material, shall be mounted or carried on any aircraft, for any purpose, in peace or war.

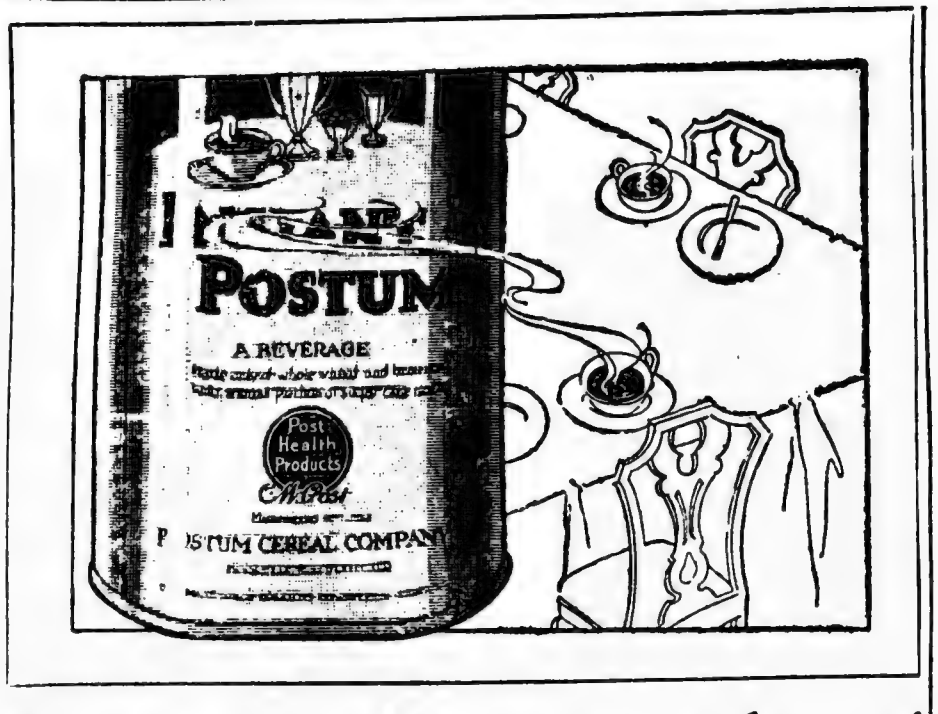
A great beginning

Supported by dire economic penalties, that law would be easier to enforce than any other plan short of complete disarmament in every element.

The proposal outlined above has expert authority behind it as a practicable proposal—the one *certainly* practicable proposal—for it would deprive nations only of a weapon none of them possessed fourteen years ago.

It would be a great beginning. The sight of nations disarming in the air would soothe and pacify the world. Navies and armies would begin to see their doom. The world would begin to see its salvation.

And history would write that the Ministry which promulgated that proposal was not only guided by a first-class brain, but inspired by a great soul.



Lots more Postum, *please!*

There are a lot of bonnie kiddies now-a-days who've got a new war-cry. And that's

"More Postum, please!"

And no wonder! For if there's one drink that deserves to be called "scrumptious!" "top-hole!" and "great!"—it's Postum made with milk. It tastes—well—like creamy toffee. And that's all the family care about. But it isn't the whole story, else there'd not be so many smiling mothers encouraging their youngsters to drink this delicious drink. Mothers *know* that Postum and Milk is the finest drink ever made. Postum is just wheat as a drink. It is nothing but roasted whole wheat with a little pure sugar-cane syrup, transmuted into tiny sparkling granules of goodness, instantly soluble in hot milk. It adds to milk nothing but more goodness and the fascination of flavour.

GIVE IT A *REAL* TRIAL

You can't expect to discover how much better Postum is for your children than are other hot drinks unless you give it a fair trial. So we suggest that you let them drink it every day for, say—a month. That will give you a real chance to prove how much good it does them, how much better they are for drinking it regularly. In order to start you on this test we will send you the first week's supply—free. ***Fill in the coupon. Or, if you prefer not to cut this page, copy out the coupon on a post-card.***

Instant! **POSTUM**

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5, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

I should like my youngsters to give Postum a month's trial. Please send me, free of charge and without obligation, the first week's supply.

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(Please write VERY plainly!)

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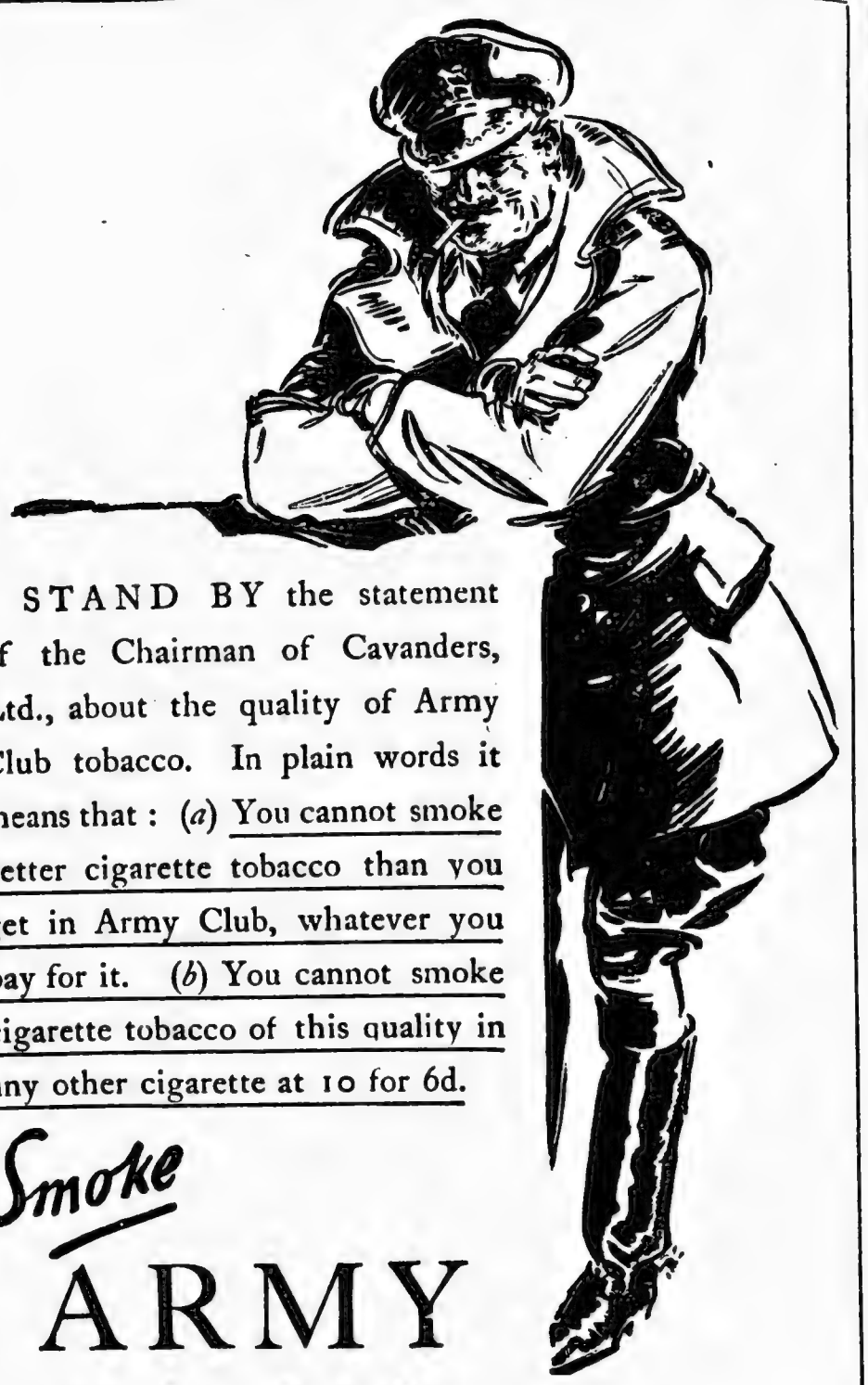
Most good grocers sell Postum in 45-cup tins for 1/7, and 90-cup tins for 2/8. (These prices do not apply to Northern Ireland or to the Irish Free State.) It is one of the Post Health Products which include Grape Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes.



I STAND BY the statement of the Chairman of Cavanders, Ltd., about the quality of Army Club tobacco. In plain words it means that: (*a*) You cannot smoke better cigarette tobacco than you get in Army Club, whatever you pay for it. (*b*) You cannot smoke cigarette tobacco of this quality in any other cigarette at 10 for 6d.

Smoke

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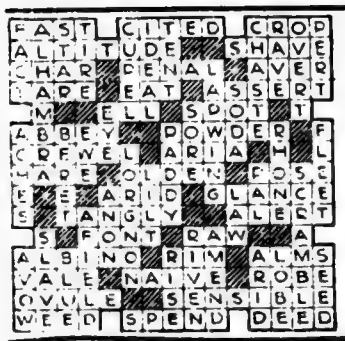

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 2

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Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., K.T., St. James's Palace, S.W.

Your Royal Highness,—Though you like to keep your kindly actions secret, I know that the people who love you are eager to learn of your doings. I ask you, therefore, to excuse my reference to the case of little Elaine Templer, to whom you gave your votes in connection with the Royal Infant Orphanage at Wanstead; and you also influenced H.M. the Queen to the same end. The girl is the daughter of a widow who acted as your hostess in Ceylon, and, unlike the princes of whom Shakespeare wrote, you never forget.

John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Dear Sir,—You are offering to exchange War Loan, issued in 1914 at £95 per cent., for new loan carrying the same interest, but now each £100 nominal stock is to be valued at £132 15s. Mr. Snowden calculates that this bit of juggling will cost the country £700,000 a year till 1961. In like manner you seek to solve all your financial difficulties as they occur. Heaven pity your successor and help your country, for if such mad finance is allowed to continue ruin is inevitable.

John Bull.

To Rt. Hon. Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON, M.P., Postmaster-General.

Dear Sir,—When Mrs. Knight, postmistress of Stapleford Tawny Post Office, tried to 'phone through to the Ongar police that one of their men had been murdered she was asked who would pay for the call. This may be red-tape duty, but it is not sound sense. Police calls depend for their efficacy on speed. I feel sure the matter has only to be brought to your notice for exchanges to receive instructions to put such calls through without talking about pence. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P., St. John's Road, S.W.

Dear Sir,—Your argument that if sacrifices are needed to foster industry they should be made by those who can best afford them is unanswerable. It is false logic to contend that by lowering wages and increasing working hours the problem will be solved, for nothing good can come out of dissatisfaction, and malnutrition breeds malcontents. After all, Labour must live. John Bull.

To Dame EDITH LYTTELTON, Great College Street, Westminster, S.W.

Dear Madam,—"I would like to kill those men who assault little children," you cried passionately when addressing the League of Nations; and I agree that he who murders the spirit and soils the soul of a child is the vilest thing on earth. That these unclean creatures should escape, more often than not, with a slight sentence, is a disgrace to civilisation. At the very least they should be segregated for life. John Bull.

To Major Sir A. BOYD CARPENTER, River House, Walton-on-Thames.

Dear Sir,—Your belief that there is need of numbers of bright, intelligent young Englishmen to go out into the British Dominions to act as salesmen for home-made goods coincides with mine. Your tour through Australia and New Zealand has convinced you that a market, and a big one, awaits the manufacturers who will study what customers want rather than what manufacturers choose to supply, and is a truth I have hammered home again and again. Surely these islands can supply the live wires to make the necessary connections between producer and consumer, or otherwise we are indeed going to the dogs in more senses than one. John Bull.

To M. HENRY DE JOUVENEL, Paris.

Dear Sir,—Although you resigned your position as French delegate to the League of Nations, you are still convinced that the future of mankind depends on moral and economic disarmament. You believe that diversity of interests can be reconciled, and that no problem exists that cannot be solved. As you say, "For Europe's problems there is no solution outside the League of Nations." John Bull.

To Dr. DRUMMOND SHIELS, M.P., Westmoreland Road, S.W.

Dear Sir,—I echo your plea for the extension of the National Health Insurance scheme in the direction of disease prevention, since I regard this as more important even than cure. You point out that though the State willingly spends £7,000,000 upon a battleship, it begrudges £200,000 on medical research. A sane posterity will certainly deem us mad. John Bull.

To Dr. NORMAN HAIRE, M.B., Harley Street, W.

Dear Sir,—I haven't read your recently published book, and you will forgive me for saying that if it is all on a par with a paragraph I have seen quoted I don't think I've missed much. "Only one marriage in four is even tolerably successful, and a very much smaller proportion are really happy," you write. Few but the failures are brought to the attention of the public, and to judge by the divorce court or the specialist's consulting-room is foolish. John Bull.

To the Rev. T. L. DAVIES, B.A., Hope Congregational Church, Wigan.

Rev. Sir,—At the risk of being called a "spoilt sport," you oppose the proposed "greyhound racing track" in your town. I gather that your real fear is lest the younger people should become obsessed with gambling fever and the lure of getting rich quick without working. If you continue to urge the worth of honest toil and the building up of character as the nation's foundation-stones, I shall be with you. John Bull.

To the MASTER. Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds.

Dear Sir,—Lord Fortesque's statement that "you do not propose, for the present, to send a boat after the deer in the sea" is a step in the right direction. Ancient custom and tradition are responsible for continuing many evils after intelligence has grown beyond them. That you, now it is pointed out that a stag outwitting pursuit is entitled to its chance, have yielded to public opinion, is creditable. John Bull.

To the MAGISTRATES, Herne Bay.

Gentlemen,—When a boy of thirteen was brought before you charged with dropping a lighted match in straw and setting fire to Dutch barns worth £2,000, you refused to consider it as a case of "arson," and let the boy go after a severe lecture. A Bench that tries to make citizens rather than criminals is composed of men who know their job. John Bull.

Straight from the Shoulder

Mr. Lloyd George: "There is too much cheap talk about the conditions of British trade and industry."

Talk is always cheap. What's wanted is sound performance, especially among politicians.

* * *

Sir Hugh Bell: "An endeavour by the wage-earners to get more or do less will put an axe to the root of our prosperity."

Unnecessarily provocative. When the tree flourishes no one thinks of the axe.

* * *

Sir Eric Geddes: "I know of no one more easy to find than a bad salesman."

Unless it's a pessimist trying to give a dog a bad name and hang it.

* * *

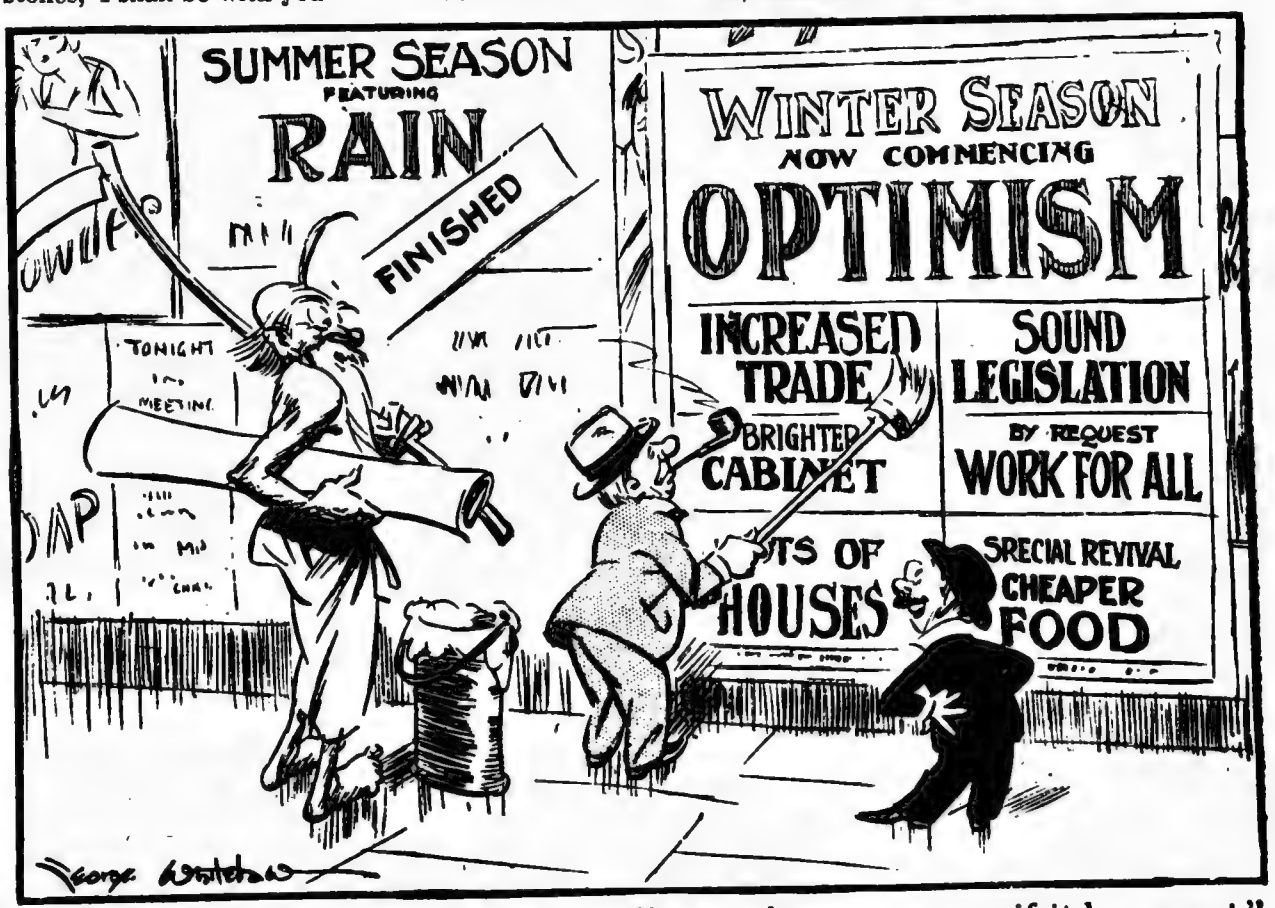
Mr. D. G. Jones: "If the Church was alive to its duties there would be no need for boards of guardians."

Work for all able-bodied men, with wages sufficient to keep the young, old and invalid, is the best alternative.

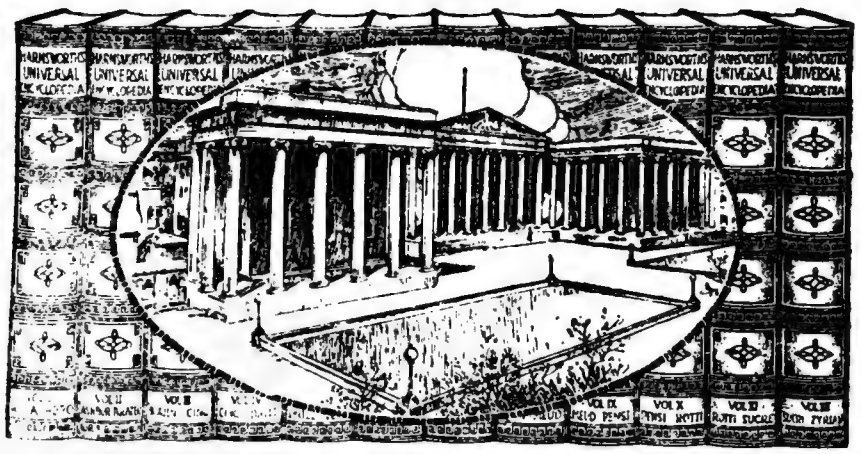
* * *

Mr. Lewis Mitchell: "The British navvy is a clean, strong, wholesome person."

No one, unless an unwholesome snob, ever doubted it.



Mr. Taxpayer: "Now that's what I call a good programme - if it happens!"



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The Expert Contributors

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"This marvellous change is due entirely to the Wallace Attwood Course, to the confidence it gives and to the job you found me after taking it.

"Listen, Pessimistic Jimmies—my wife and I, with £15 in cash, left Sheffield one morning for our new territory—no house, no lodgings, no friends—in the middle of the Coal Strike.

"Listen, Pessimistic Jimmies—my average commission for my *first five months*—all strike months—was over £53 monthly. I have won four prizes out of five competitions in that time, and *next month my territory is to be more than doubled.*

"For all these things and for many others, the ex-greengrocer thanks, from the bottom of his heart, Wallace Attwood."

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Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

FIVE HALF-BAKED LAWYERS

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No More Bureaucrats!

THE British public has seldom had such a fantastic proposal dished up to it as that propounded by Mr. J. W. Pickles, a Halifax solicitor, at the recent provincial meeting of the Law Society.

Mr. Pickles thinks the jury system of this country is full of defects. He does not wish, however, absolutely to abolish the system, but he does wish to make changes. He has a cure for what he apparently thinks is a very sick British institution.

In short, it is this: The old order of twelve good men and true is to go, and is to be supplanted by a jury of five professional jurymen.

To qualify for these highly paid posts—for they would be four-figure ones—our professional juryman would have to have at least fifteen years' commercial experience, and after a qualifying examination in the law of evidence would be eligible for appointment.

We have no hesitation in condemning this proposal root and branch, and we believe that it will have as cool a reception among Mr. Pickles' countrymen as it had among his professional brethren.

MR. PICKLES said that among the defects of the present system was the absence of individual responsibility; its tendency to reflect the popular prejudices of the day; the liability of juries to intimidation and bias as, for example, in favour of a well-dressed, pretty woman, and the liability of common juries to be composed of persons without the desire or capacity to weigh evidence or arrive at a conclusion on the facts at issue.

In short, Mr. Pickles has a very poor idea indeed of the capacity of his fellow men and women.

We cannot for one moment admit that Mr. Pickles is correct in his condemnations. No doubt the idea of being called to serve upon a jury is not one which is contemplated with equanimity by the ordinary citizen. Nine out of every ten of us are quite candid about it, and would much rather be excused.

But this does not mean that, once having taken his seat in the jury-box, the British juryman cannot be depended upon to give a case, be it criminal or civil, a competent and square deal. Experience has shown that he does.

NO one contends that there are no flaws in the system. But what guarantee can Mr. Pickles give us that the five so-called professional jurymen will be any more successful than the twelve good men and true have been?

Would they be less prone to prejudice, intimidation or bias, or less gallant towards the well-dressed, pretty woman merely because they had passed an examination in the law of evidence?

If Mr. Pickles had his way we should see a huge addition to our already immense bureaucratic army, and scores of new officials at £1,000 a year each! Apart from anything else, we know the British public sufficiently well to say that they will not stand for it on financial grounds alone.

We know, too, that, grumble though they may at what may be an occasional interference with their everyday life and work, when called upon to serve as jurymen, they have at the back of their minds that it is a good thing to have a hand in the administration of justice based upon a system which has stood the test of centuries and of which they are proud.

No, Mr. Pickles. The twelve good men and true have got to stay, and whatever their defects may be, we infinitely prefer them to the five half-baked lawyers.

Sir William Bull, M.P., who, at the recent meeting of the Law Society, pertinently enquired what Mr. Pickles' extraordinary proposals would cost the country!

CO-OPERATION—NOT SACRIFICE!

A Note of Hope

AUTUMN, in the industrial world, has set in on a note of hope. There is a stirring in the tree-tops, but it does not presage coming strife. There is a brisk, businesslike decision in the sound.

Labour likes conferences. Sometimes it makes merry. On such occasions it turns up in force. Forty-five thousand railway employees attended the third annual railway carnival held at Belle Vue.

Drenching showers made difficulties, but they could not quench enthusiasm. Besides the pageantry, there was much speech-making, men and masters each taking their share.

Both have reason to be proud of past achievement. In spite of road competition, railways remain the most certain means of transport, and while something must be conceded to management, it is to the level-headed sobriety and devotion to duty of the rank and file that they owe their safety.

Now the railways are confronting a time of great difficulty. Unless they submit to be beaten by road transport their problems must be faced and solved.

It can only be done by enthusiastic co-operation of all grades. Sir Edwin Stockton declares that it is the desire of all at the head of affairs in the railway world to meet all workers in the spirit of the greatest good will.

From Labour leaders come equal assurances. The L.M.S. Railway movement for staff co-operation is an earnest of the same spirit.

Workers are eager for peace. They are tired of the exhaustions and uncertainties of recent years. They know, none better, that their interests are indissolubly bound up with those of the industries they serve.

This is true not only of railways, but mines, shipyards, factories and workshops throughout the land. Wherever men engage in business the interests of employer and employed are one.

This is the fixed unalterable law, and wherever it is broken, by either side, disaster follows.

Recent years have seen more than enough illustrations of that fact. So not only on the railways, but elsewhere, organised labour has set its face resolutely against wild-cat councils of violence, and is doing all it can to further the great cause of Peace in Industry.

But it is just here that another note, that of warning, is necessary. Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., sounded it very clearly a few days ago at Sheerness.

Mr. Clynes detects a peculiar feature of these revived discussions on industrial peace. It is the assumption that in peace arrangements everything depends on the workers. It does not. Peace depends upon the action of the employers, the Government, and "not least upon those who continue to take out of industry, without working, much more than those who work."

The workers will respond, they do respond, to genuine approaches from employers showing readiness to help them to maintain a decent standard of life.

If sacrifice must be, let it be shared. Only blundering stupidity will expect it always, and only, from one side.

TERRIBLE!

The Bakers' Cry

FOLLOWING hard upon our recent exposures and demand for a legal standard for flour comes the startling allegations made in the course of an inquest at Barnet on Stephen Jacobs, a baker's journeyman, of Muswell Hill.

Deceased, employed by a baker at East Finchley, had mixed the dough for the bread every day, although he suffered from "bakers' itch."

The widow at this enquiry told the coroner that while her husband was working his hands and arms were cracking badly, and "from the cracks a gluey substance was always oozing and stood on his arms like beads of perspiration."

She had threatened to report to the district medical officer of health, but Jacobs "dared her" to leave the house, so terrified was he of unemployment.

The coroner thought the awfulness of this bad, evil-smelling discharge coming into contact with, and forming part of, the bread of a neighbourhood was absolutely revolting.

It is. It is filthy and disgusting almost beyond words. But the point we wish to emphasise now is, what of the men compelled to lose all chance of livelihood or work in stuff causing such a complaint as this? And what of the hapless public, doomed to starve or swallow it?

Journeyman bakers are constantly writing to us, detailing their sufferings, their horror of contracting this "itch" through working in this polluted flour. They beg us to expose the scandal.

We have done so again and again. Mrs. Jacobs' awful revelations are the culminating point. If they move the Government to act she has done the nation inestimable service.

The Truthful Liars

by A. G. GARDINER

WHAT is the good of nations quarrelling as to who was responsible for starting the Great War? Only one thing now remains to be done. Let the nations determine it shall never happen again. In this resolve only lies any future hope of security

President Hindenburg, who recently declared that Germany was not responsible for the Great War

I DO not share the indignation which is so widely expressed at the fresh outbreak of recriminations between Hindenburg and Poincaré as to "Who was the criminal?" It began at the commemoration of the battle of Tannenburg at which President Hindenburg declared that Germany was not responsible for the war, that it was thrust upon her, and that she fought for the defence of the Fatherland which was in peril. And so on.

This was like waving a red flag to a bull, and at Bar-le-Duc M. Poincaré charged down on Hindenburg with joyful fury. What was to be done with a wicked old man who refused to say "Guilty, my lord"? How could France trust Germany while she went on saying she was innocent when the Versailles Conference had pronounced her guilty?

The Belgians joined in the clatter, and the newspapers of Paris and Berlin are busy firing long-range shells at each other, with results that achieve nothing but noise and confusion.

A matter of birth

This is all regrettable and futile in one sense, for a controversy of this sort is endless and can never settle anything. The causes of war are always obscure and multitudinous, and an absolute verdict can never be reached.

Take the Napoleonic wars. Who was the guilty party there? If you happen to have been born on this side of the Channel you will probably be sure it was France. If you happen to have been born on the other side of the Channel you will certainly think that the criminal was England. If you happen to have been born in neither country you will probably believe that it was "six of one and half a dozen of the other."

The case has been thrashed out for a century in thousands of books and we are still as far off a decisive and universally accepted verdict as we were a century ago.

Even the truth about Waterloo is as much a mystery as ever, for each country involved presents the facts according to its own vanity and interests. The English view is that Wellington had won the victory before Blucher appeared on the scene. The German view is that Blucher won the victory after the battle had been practically lost by Wellington.

Selected truths

The French view is that Napoleon had to fight Blucher and Wellington on two fronts almost all the time. And the Belgian view is that it was the timely intervention of certain Belgian regiments that cooked Napoleon's goose.

Where does the truth lie in the midst of all these *ex-parte* views? It is not as though we are all telling lies. We are none of us telling lies. We are all telling selected truths. We all lay emphasis on the facts that support our own theory which happens to accord with our patriotic notions.

And so in regard to the Great War. The Englishman sees one set of facts, the Frenchman another, the German a wholly different one.

"We were being encircled," says the German—and he is right. "Our naval security was being challenged," says the Englishman—and he is right. "The German military party plotted the war," says the Frenchman—and he is right.

As an Englishman, I lay stress on Germany's refusal to accept Grey's arbitration proposals. As a German, Hindenburg says that the Russian mobilisation was the fact that precipitated war. We each see the thing from our own angle.

The point I am after is the hopelessness of getting a common agreement as to who made the war. And that hopelessness is due to the fact that there was no single criminal. I believe that Germany was mainly responsible, but if I had been born a German in Germany I daresay I should have held that the encirclement of Germany was responsible.

The saving agreement

That being so, why not drop the profitless wrangle, and agree on the one truth to which both Hindenburg and Poincaré can subscribe? That truth is that that war came out of the conditions which existed in Europe as inevitably as the fruit comes out of the tree. We were all responsible in different degrees and we were all helpless.

We can argue the question of guilt until we are black in the face, and at the end of it all we shall know that the same conditions as those which prevailed in 1914 will produce the same result again, and every time.

We are agreed that the result is a crime. It is that admission, implicit in the quarrel, which leads me to say that I do not wholly regret that the quarrel has arisen. We all admit the crime of war and we are anxious to saddle someone else with the responsibility. That is all to the good.

But we shall get nowhere by endeavouring to put each other in the dock and ourselves on the seat of justice. Let the dead past bury its dead.

Let us agree on the one point on which agreement is possible—that the war came out of the conditions which prevailed before 1914 and that to prevent war in the future we must prevent those conditions reappearing.

Fatal delay

I believe with M. de Jouvenel, the French Senator, that that can be done if we will turn our backs on the past and open a new account.

It is impossible *after a war* to say who was the only criminal, for there never is an "only" criminal. But it is not impossible *before a war* to say who is the prospective criminal. Europe, as M. de Jouvenel says, must organise against the aggressor.

And the aggressor is the nation which refuses to arbitrate. It is no use trying to discover who was the aggressor after the crime has been committed. We must discover and pillory him before the crime is committed. And the willingness or unwillingness to arbitrate is the acid test of whether a nation relies ultimately on law or war.

We must all make up our minds where we stand in this great matter. Are we for law as the basis of international relations, or are we for war?

If we refuse to arbitrate, there can be no security for anybody, and the talk of disarmament is idle moonshine. Disarmament will only come when we have ruled out war by substituting the authority of law in all the differences of nations.

It may be a hard pill for us to swallow. So far we have not swallowed it. So far we have refused our signature to the arbitration clauses. Well, let us be clear as to the alternative. In rejecting the appeal to law we prescribe the appeal to war. Is that to be our final word in this great argument?

Amusement indulged in at the expense of suffering to others is beyond excuse. There is a national problem raised, too.

Going to t

GREYHOUND racing has "caught on" in a way that no other sport has ever done. The popularity of the sport is amazing, and no doubt that popularity is cheering the heart of Mr. Winston Churchill and the bookmakers who act as tax-gatherers for him.

Mr. A. F. Holt

There is another side to that popularity, and that is its unpopularity in working-class homes so far as the housewives are concerned.

Greyhound racing differs from horse-racing in that to attend the latter meetings most people must get off work and lose wages as well as incur perhaps heavy travelling expenses. Comparatively few workers can afford to do this.

On the other hand, owing to the continued multiplication of greyhound racing companies, there are now racing tracks within easy reach of almost all large centres of population. The meetings are held in the evenings.

Men need not lose work to attend them. Therefore they are attending them in droves. The majority of the 100,000 spectators who were at the White City the other night were apparently working men and women.

I do not know any reason why they should not go to the White City. I believe that people ought to get all the enjoyment they can out of life *so long as they hurt no one else in the getting.* That is the point.

UNFORTUNATELY, many *are* getting their greyhound racing enjoyment at the expense of their wives and kiddies. Men are losing on the greyhound tracks the whole or part of the wages they ought to take home.

I know that, because their wives have told me so, and for every case I hear of there must be thousands elsewhere.

I am no bigoted anti-gambler. I believe that any man or woman has a perfect right to bet as

Watch Your Tea-Pot!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WHEN workmen restrict their output the whole country rings with indignation. When producers restrict their output nothing happens except that they and their fellows get richer every day in every way

IS your tea going to cost you more? Are we on the eve of a great tea ramp, by means of which many thousands of pounds will be lifted from the purse of the British housewife?

More than a year has gone by since the Food Council reported on the price of tea at Mincing Lane. Nothing whatever has been done as the result of that report. Is the old, old game in full swing once more?

It is not long since I read in the newspapers that in the sale-rooms of the well-known Mincing Lane Tea Auction Market there had been exciting scenes.

On August 25 last a large assembly of buyers sat there and feverishly bid against each other for tea offered by the members of the Tea Broking Association.

Even before this auction was held tea prices had risen considerably. After it tea advanced by 1d. to 4d. a pound, and the ominous statement was made that this year crops of tea in India are scarce—and far the greatest quantity of tea consumed in this country comes from the plantations of India and Ceylon.

At the end of July, 1927, the total stocks of tea in Great Britain were 137,417,000 pounds. That is to say, they were less by 8,000,000 pounds than at the end of June, 1927, and lower by 10,000,000 than in July, 1926.

A merry game

The British housewife is already paying from 33 per cent. to 100 per cent. more than she paid for her tea in July, 1914, and there is no doubt that if this pretty game in Mincing Lane continues an increase of price is certain.

How can it be otherwise? More tea is being drunk, crops are short, and the game of Mincing Lane is a merry one.

There is evidence in the past that the tea shortage, which meant of course higher prices, had been due to a deliberate system of restriction.

The Food Council found when it examined the Tea Brokers Association in London in October, 1926, that the tea brokers in London had an agreement with the Indian tea producers whereby the offerings of tea at the London auction sales were deliberately restricted. This, of course, was merely "business." No one called it "ca'-canny." Anyway it was a very pretty game.

Scandalous methods

A representative of the Indian Tea Association actually admitted to the Food Council that steps had been taken in 1925 to restrict the growth of tea in the plantations. One of the largest buyers in the tea trade in London was found by the Council to be acting as a jobber who bought tea, held it for a rise in price and then unloaded it on the market when prices rose.

This same man had actually written articles to the trade press predicting a tea shortage and suggesting immediate purchase by grocers, when there were, as a matter of fact, sufficient supplies of tea in the country to last the whole of the United Kingdom for nearly six months!

In any country that was not composed of the type of people who Carlyle once said composed the majority of the nation, something would have happened, for the Food Council called this practice "alarmist" and suggested certain remedies.

The Tea Brokers Association, to whom these recommendations were made, acted immediately. They met the next day and passed a vote of confidence in the man indicted by the Food Council!

When Mr. Philip Snowden was Chancellor of the Exchequer he reduced the duty on tea and the price was thereby reduced by 4d. a pound. Every housewife in the country knows how quickly somebody ensured that 4d. should get back on to the retail price of tea.

Somewhere in the almost endless chain that exists between Mincing Lane and the Indian tea plantations that somebody could be found, and his explanation would make very interesting reading.

Mrs. B. M. Drapper, a member of the Food Council, who alleged that three-quarters of the tea in this country passed through the hands of one man

I call it an "endless chain," which it very nearly is, for before a spoonful of tea is put into the teapot no fewer than eight people, each in turn, get a picking.

Superb impudence

There are the tea producers, the buying brokers, the blenders, the wholesale dealers, the exporters, the selling brokers, the packet tea houses and the multiple-shop retailers. They all get something and all the "somethings" are paid by the consumer of tea.

The investigations of the Food Council left no doubt at all that the regulation of offerings of tea at the auction-rooms was open to abuse and that abuses had, in point of fact, occurred. Look at the tea-producing companies. Look what a harvest they are reaping. The average dividends paid last year range about 40 per cent. Where does it come from?

How the holy innocents of Mincing Lane must grin when they think of the Food Council and its investigations. How they must have grinned at the time. Their impudence at any rate was nothing short of superb. One of them actually had the nerve to say to the Food Council, "We take losses galore, but never a profit"!

It is small wonder that the Food Council said in respect of this, "This state of affairs must be almost without parallel in business." It must indeed. It must also be entirely without parallel in sheer brazen impudence.

Meanwhile, we are told that "there is no reason to fear that a set-back may take place in the earnings of the good-class tea companies."

In the "good old days"

And we are also assured that in the autumn of 1927 the position is even more "encouraging for the tea share speculator," in which case it is painfully clear that it is correspondingly depressing for the tea-buying housewife whose purse is small and moderate.

The gentlemen of Mincing Lane should be profoundly thankful that they did not live in the days of Henry VIII. In those "good old days" of which we hear so much people for sins far less heinous than theirs were incarcerated in nasty damp dungeons, with toads and rats for company, and were later exposed high on the pillory that those who thought fit might indulge in playful and very practical jests.

There are times when I should not be sorry if we could indeed revert, just for once, to the "good old days"

the Dogs!

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

long as they can lose the stake they risk without inconveniencing themselves or others.

But for a married man to risk his wages—*or his unemployment pay*—on the tracks is, in my opinion, not merely foolish, not merely selfish, but mean, as mean as stealing the coppers from a blind beggar's cup.

HERE is a not uncommon case. A young fellow drew his "dole." The money didn't all belong to him, since it included an allowance for his wife and four young children. He didn't give up one penny at home. He lost the lot, with the result that there would have been no food in the house on Sunday if an outsider had not stepped in.

Another young fellow who had been to the same meeting lost every penny of his wages, and it was only poetic justice when his wife raised the wind by selling his new Sunday suit.

I know several cases of men who had never acquired the betting habit who went to a greyhound meeting out of curiosity. The betting itch is evidently contagious.

Each soon began to suffer from it, with the result that in two cases savings are being steadily depleted, and in another case hardly enough of the man's wages reaches home to pay for the means of subsistence.

There must be thousands of such cases, and the men concerned are not playing the game. I welcomed greyhound racing at first because I looked at it as just one more way of bringing pleasure into the lives of the workers.

If, however, the holding of evening meetings in order to allow workers to attend is going to mean the robbery of the home, then I am afraid the great new sport will die of inanition. Let men bet if they like, but only with their own share of the wages. Leave the wife's share alone!

ONE further point, which, possibly, from the national point of view, is of even more importance. We have been looking forward to a revival of trade as a partial solution of our unemployment problem. If the money which ought to be purchasing goods in the shops is wasted on the dogs, there is little hope of revival.

We shall have, instead, a deeper depression, and many more workers will be thrown on the streets.

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Now he takes the little daily dose.

Always welcome, radiating optimism and compelling others to look on the bright side of things.

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London, W.C.

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FREDDIE GOES FLOP!

"JOHN BULL" READER SPOTS A KNAVE

Brazen Rogue Gets His Deserts

As a general rule the more brazen rogues whom we may have occasion to trounce from time to time are indifferent to newspaper records of their careers. So long as the police do not take a hand they sleep soundly in their beds.

There is at least one of the fraternity who must regret with some bitterness the fact that he figured in our columns.

The other day a young gentleman named Frederick Oldrey was sentenced to three years' hard labour at the London Sessions for fraud.

We had said something about Frederick a few weeks previously and had also published his portrait. But for that, Frederick, whom we described with ample justification as the "cleverest crook in London," would still be at liberty.

Belied promises

We have many readers in the police forces, and a few days after the publication of the article, Railway Constable I. L. Ogden, of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, Wigan, happened to see a man while on duty who strongly resembled the portrait which illustrated our article.

Since, in addition, the person's movements were suspicious, he communicated with the Wigan town police and an arrest followed.

Identification was established and in due course Frederick Oldrey was handed over to the London police to be dealt with.

Our previous reference did not contain a tithe of Oldrey's exploits. These afford remarkable material for the criminologist.

He is of the type of poets in crime who are born and not made. Frederick commenced his career of wrongdoing almost as soon as he was breeched.

So incorrigible did he prove that his sorrowing guardians, after he had been at a very fine private school, were as relieved as anyone else when he was sent to Borstal. Here it was thought he might benefit from the discipline.

At first it seemed that Borstal was going to make a good citizen of him. He was on his best behaviour and was soon looked upon by the officials as the best boy in Borstal. He was accordingly given certain privileges.

Police amazed!

This was exactly what Frederick had been working for and on the first favourable opportunity he escaped.

He launched straight out on a career of crime.

He called on quite a number of people who, as he had discovered, had boys at Eton, and claiming to be a class-mate persuaded them to pay him various sums of money.

Between whiles he provided material for newspaper articles, exposing Borstal as a sink of iniquity!

Eventually, after several years of fraud he went to prison for six months on a cheque charge. By this time he was twenty-three and had achieved full stature as a high-class crook.

His adventures thereafter have amazed the police. His talent for imposture almost amounted to genius.

Although he had never flown in an aeroplane, for example, he was clever enough to hoodwink, for a time at least, all kinds of people into the belief that he was an authority on aeronautics.

Railway Constable Ogden, of Wigan, L.M.S. Station, whose keen powers of observation led to the arrest of this much-wanted rogue

From air to earth

Posing as "Captain Robinson, the famous stunt pilot," he wrongly claimed to be one of the leading men of the Graham-White Aviation Company.

He had an address in the neighbourhood of Park Lane, and was elected a member of several clubs in the West End of London.

Armed with bogus references and genuine introductions from fellow clubmen he obtained several good posts with firms whom, in a very short time, he swindled of large sums of money.

When things got too hot for "Captain Robinson" he became "Flight-Officer Oldney," and made arrangements for several important flights. His terms were a deposit of cash in advance from would-be passengers!

When aeroplanes palled, he turned his attention to motor-cars and was so successful that the police had to issue a special *communique* of warning to motor dealers.

He had only to look at a car and it was his. If he could not get it by a "dud" cheque he would get it with a forged one.

In one instance when no cheque forms were available he simply walked into a garage, jumped into a car and was off.

He once appeared in the role of a racing motorist. He did not exactly shine on the track, and when he was halfway through the race, the owners of the car appeared, to demand the return of the car, a valuable one which they had given to Oldrey in return for a bogus cheque.

Posed as millionaire

He was not allowed to leave the grounds with it, but by this time had borrowed money from all and sundry on the track.

We next hear of him in Mayfair as "Lord Stuart Dudley" when he committed a score of the most serious offences. He obtained stacks of goods on credit by producing alleged introductions from various members of the peerage.

In one case he gave a cheque bearing the forged signature of a very well-known nobleman, but the latter decided not to prosecute.

On another occasion he had heard that a gentleman who is in the music-publishing business had a new venture on foot for which he required additional capital.

Oldrey introduced himself to this man as a millionaire and stated that he would be quite prepared to invest a little of his fortune, a modest thousand pounds perhaps, in the venture.

He took the publisher for lunch at one of the best hotels and told him that, although he had so much money, he had no intention of parting even with the miserable thousand unless he was sure that there was going to be a solid return.

He would require some insight into the music business. Before long he had won complete confidence, and used the office for several days.

In the absence of the manager one afternoon, he simply cleared off in a car with everything he could lay his hands on, including even the office typewriter.

Disastrous expedition

He was also an expert boarding-house thief. Hiring rooms, he departed without settling his bills, taking with him fellow-lodgers' property!

This is one of the extraordinary facts about Oldrey. Although he has wit enough to carry out crimes of the "Raffles" type, he does not appear to have wit enough to leave the smaller game alone.

And, as a rule, it has been the latter ventures which have brought him down. This is illustrated by his visit to Wigan, where he appears to have had nothing more in view than a pilfering expedition in the railway station.

It has resulted in three years' hard labour. In a sense it is hard lines, though any sympathy will be entirely wasted.

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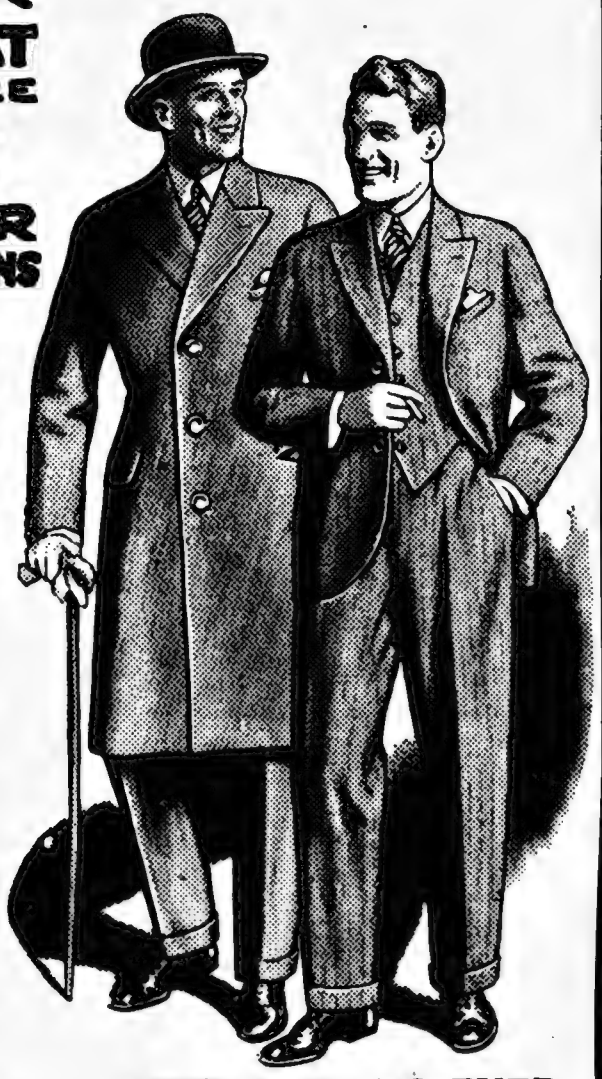

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THE MAN who COULDN'T BLUSH

by **G. D. HARDIE, M.P.**

NO one ever pleads the cause of the middle-classes, yet, ground between the upper and the nether millstone, they are in dire straits. Legislation, too, often leaves them helpless and at the mercy of the profiteers

THE talk about the abolition of the Rents Restriction Act gives just cause for fear to those at present under its protection. The squeezing of those unfortunates immediately beyond the provisions of the Restrictions Act limit is an indication of what will follow.

The sufferings of the so-called middle-classes is nothing short of a scandal. They have no organisation and have to face the close combine of house-agents who have raised rents and increased the duration of leases.

The house-agents know that the great majority looking for the class of house I am dealing with have no control over the duration of their employment and changes are constantly taking place.

In these circumstances, the increasing of the duration of the lease apart from the raising of the rent bears heavily upon the victim.

A fine combination

A change in domestic circumstances obliged me to search for another dwelling, and thus I was put into close contact with existing conditions. When finished I had covered a radius of six miles from Westminster, north, south, east and west.

I wanted a reasonable, unfurnished, self-contained dwelling for two persons, and the search spread over ten weeks. I had read warnings in the Press against paying any registration fees to agents, and when I was first asked for 10s. to pay such fee I declined.

My first contact was £120 plus rates for an attic of three apartments. One apartment had a curtain drawn half the length of the room, covering what was called the bath-room.

The rest of the room was to be the kitchen, a "fine combination," all up four flights of stairs and not clean. The excuse for high rent was that it was five minutes from anywhere.

Further on I was offered one room on ground floor and two small rooms two stairs up. Common bath for all tenants. When hot water was wanted you gave the woman in the basement 4d. and she lit the fire. £90.

I now found that rents "with reasonable accommodation" varied from £150 to £250, with, in some cases, £50 to £100 for alleged fittings or worn-out floorcloth. If it was not that whoeze it was a "premium" or the costs of decoration added to the rent, to be paid first year of lease. In one case the decoration costs were to be £50.

Paying for the view—

In one ramshackle place, with plaster hanging from the ceiling and a dead rat upon the floor, the rent was £135. The agent pointed to the fine open space seen from the window, provided by and at the expense of the citizens. He did not even blush.

In the next effort I found a worried young couple with children. They had been paying £98 for some years and were now asked to pay £135.

Overlooking the Thames, one large room with glass "lean-to" enclosure at the back and no bath or lavatory, £135. It was the view of the river that was to equal all that was wanting.

Two small rooms were offered at another place three stairs up, £130. The kitchen and scullery were revealed by opening a cupboard door,

Mr. G. D. Hardie, M.P.

where there was a sink and a water-tap. A curtain was drawn across the end of one room and concealed the bath and lavatory.

From there I went to see "something good" at £130. It was a basement and it did stink, but it had a beautiful name, ending with "Gardens."

—And paying for ignorance

In many cases agents' fees are charged to the incoming tenant, although these are illegal unless agreed to previous to being suited. The tenant does not know this and generally pays. The long lease is the agents' method of getting an extra slice when the sub-letting becomes necessary.

Having been a member of a committee in the House of Commons dealing with the Landlord and Tenants Bill, which only dealt with business premises, I had some light thrown upon existing practice. I had no idea that things were so bad and that agents had so much hold in regard to dwelling-houses.

In regard to short leases I quite understand all about demands for redecoration, but that does not justify the long lease with no decorations or charging them to the tenant.

In considering the possibility of renting a house instead of a flat I found that seven years was a minimum duration of lease. All decorations and repairs had to be done by the tenant and at the end of the lease the house had to be overhauled at the expense of the tenant.

I found tenants where the lease compelled them to completely redecorate before leaving, although they entered the house in a dilapidated condition.

Not content with all extortions and exactions a common one is "no children or animals." Is not the home life based on the child? I can understand the exclusion of animals, but children. What a condition! What is to become of the home life?

Home life threatened

The community has to face this problem of house accommodation, and if it cares it can wipe out all the present evils attaching to the letting question. The establishment of a court that would decide fair rents as between landlord and tenant is not a real difficulty.

In this court or tribunal the house and its condition could be fully considered. Local authorities could control such courts.

If it was necessary for Parliament to legislate for the occupants of shops it is still more necessary on behalf of occupants of houses, apart from the fact that they are greater in numbers.

In conjunction with this there would require to be registration of vacant houses. This could be arranged as part of the court work. The value of this form of registration would be found in getting into touch with the owner direct.

I know from my own experience that had I not got into direct touch with an owner my quest would have been hopeless. The present mess involving district overlapping and multiple agencies increases costs. These costs can only come from a further bleeding of the tenants.

Central registration under local authority supervision would prevent many a weary search and would lead to much closer connection between the houses and the sanitary authorities, because the present conditions prevent many who would otherwise report neglect from doing so.

The question of housing and rents is bad even in present circumstances with a large number of houses under the Act. What would it be like if the Act were repealed?

Expensive mess

We have to remember that where houses that have been "controlled" and become vacant are then "decontrolled" an immediate increase of rent follows, sometimes double.

It is no use waiting until the Act has been allowed to lapse. The time to get ready is now, and to fight for the establishment of a Fair Rents' Court and registration of vacant houses.

In this way alone can the community free itself from the iniquities of the present ugly and most exasperating and expensive mess.

Mr. EVERYMAN

'50'- a month for 40 months on £100 worth of furniture, Mr. Drage!'

Mr. Drage: Yes, Drage's have abolished the old three years' system. Now you can take three years and four months' credit and "No Deposit" is necessary.

Mr. Everyman: That's wonderful, Mr. Drage. So I need only pay 50/- now?

Mr. Drage: Yes, and all the furniture will be delivered immediately, carriage paid.

Mr. Everyman: Well, this long credit is a great help to a man like myself without much capital.

Mr. Drage: I had customers like you in mind when I introduced it. It's my ambition to make every home in England really attractive and comfortable.

Mr. Everyman: How do I stand if I've some misfortune and can't go on paying?

Mr. Drage: Here is your Drage Protection in writing. You see it provides that if you can't go on paying through misfortune you keep what you have paid for less an agreed reasonable deduction for use and cartage.

Mr. Everyman: That's fine. Now am I to give you references?

Mr. Drage: No, Mr. Everyman. To take up references would keep the Drage Way from being confidential. And it may relieve your mind to know that there are no extra charges whatever at Drage's.

Mr. Everyman: You give a free Fire and Life Policy I believe, Mr. Drage?

Mr. Drage: Yes, to every customer. It will be issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co., and sent you at once.

Mr. Everyman: Well, I never expected such long credit or such liberal terms. I'm glad I was fortunate enough to come to you, Mr. Drage.

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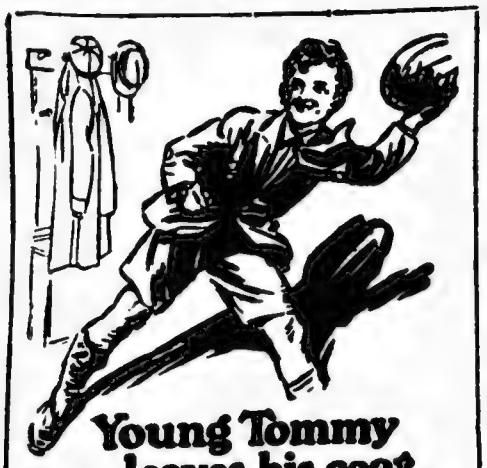

Young Tommy leaves his coat in the hall.

He's warm. He's fit. He gets Quaker Oats for breakfast. You don't find *him* with a cold.

Quaker nourishes you. A hot plate of Quaker for breakfast gives you energy for a whole morning. And it's in the mornings you do three-quarters of your day's work.

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Quaker Oats

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***Quick* Quaker and Quaker Oats**

TWO SIZES 4½d. and 9½d.
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per packet.

Your Grocer has both kinds—choose the one that suits you best.

Q64

In Sunshine Ward
by PHILIP INMAN

"IS there any trial that true love cannot vanquish? It would seem not. Apparently blighted in the bud, it still survives, defying the dark shadows that hover around and ever looking for the light."

A SPECTRE IN LOVER'S LANE

"AND is there no hope? No hope at all?" asked a quietly-dressed girl, as her eyes stared through the open door into the surgical ward. For over an hour she had been waiting there, whilst three medical men held a consultation about her sweetheart.

Now, with grave face, one of them had come to deliver the verdict. "Very little, I fear," he said, and then as he saw the look of utter desolation sweep across her face, he added, sympathetically, "I wish I could say otherwise. I am sorry, very sorry."

But I doubt if the little woman heard, for she gave a sudden cry, and fell in a heap on the floor And love's tender flower was blasted in the bud before it had a chance of blossoming into a fragrant and happy married life.

John B—— deserved a far better fate. Twenty-five years of age, during his stay in hospital he showed the fighting spirit of a Gene Tunney. He was admitted suffering from an abscess on his leg.

It seemed but a trivial ailment, but two days later his condition was found to be far more serious than had been imagined.

A terrible verdict

"We have got to amputate your leg," said the doctor. For a moment he remained silent, as though thinking deeply, and then without a tremor he said: "I'm in your hands, doctor. I trust you absolutely."

But alas! when he was carried into the operating theatre the tragic truth was discovered. The disease had travelled beyond the leg and had affected the body, and very soon this young fellow, standing on the threshold of life, had become one of those failures of medical science—a hopeless case.

Before the last doctor had left, John B—— whispered to him: "Let my girl down lightly when you tell her." "Tell her what?" queried the doctor. John B—— smiled faintly. "It's no use," he said, quietly; "I know I'm through, and though it's rotten luck, I'm not worrying about myself, but about her."

The next minute his girl was by his bedside. Her cheeks were pale and she trembled a little, but those were the only signs she gave of her anguish. "John, oh John," she murmured.

Impressive ceremony

He took her hand in his, and desperately ill though he was, his words came cheerily. "It's all right, dear, you mustn't worry." And what passed between them during those tragic moments is sacred to those two alone.

It was the next morning that I heard of their decision. As I went my rounds, I found John B—— and his girl strangely excited. "What is it?" I asked. "We're going to be married," she told me. "It is his wish and mine, too."

I looked at the helpless, hopeless patient lying there, and from him to the sweet-faced girl sitting by his side. It was an experfence I hope will never come my way again. I felt my anger rising against the machinations of a fate which had led these two young folks down a blind alley.

Hand in hand, they had walked down love's avenue together, only to find the gateway of their dreams blocked and barred against them.

"I'm glad for both your sake," I managed to say, and I moved on with a lump dangerously near my throat.

There is a church in Westminster which is noted for its fashionable weddings, but there has never been a more impressive ceremony than that which took place in a plainly-furnished room in a London hospital. The bridegroom was carried in on a stretcher, and there he waited to greet his bride.

Just before the service started a sudden spasm of pain made him wince. Someone suggested that he should be given an injection to relieve him, but the courageous soul shook his head. "No, no," he said, "I shall be all right."

Philip Inman

Then, with a smile, he added, "I don't want my faculties to be numbed. I want to know what I'm doing."

The service will be remembered by more than one as the most inspiring spectacle ever likely to be witnessed.

There was not the least trace of sadness about and only once did the bride show any emotion. It was when she repeated the words which meant so much to both of them, "Till death us do part."

When the ceremony was over, the little company who had witnessed it quietly withdrew, but not before they had seen the lovelight shining in John B——'s eyes as he murmured tenderly, "My little wife," and had heard her reply, "John, my John, God bless you."

The Sentence of the Court

PINTS AND PIN-PRICKS

A Jolt for a Gill

CHARGED with conduct in restraint of trade, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary, pleaded "Not guilty" in the still small voice of a henpecked citizen expecting any moment to receive a whack from a brolly on the spot where his hair is thinnest.

"The person I should most like to see in the dock," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is that shrill and shrewish scold widely and unfavourably known as 'Dora.'

But just as a husband is responsible for his wife's torts, so must the Home Secretary be held to account for the misdeeds of a female whose career would long ago have been brought to a close had she not been sheltered under his wing.

"The latest bad joke perpetrated in the name of this ancient and overgrown war baby occurred at North London Police Court, when a publican was cited as a sinner because he had supplied one pint and one gill of beer to a customer who had asked for a pint.

"I need scarcely say there is no evidence of the customer having objected. The spectacle of a sturdy Briton foaming with indignation because he has been presented with a trifle more of beer than he paid for has not yet been witnessed in the course of our rough island story.

"Wherein, then, lay the offence? The magistrate who heard the case could not see what harm had been done, and counsel for the prosecution, counsel for the defence, the miscreant who supplied the beer, the burgher who consumed it, the court cat and the court reporters were equally at a loss.

"All that is known is that at one stage of her disorderly career 'Dora' decreed that a 'long pull' (she had already made a strong pull impossible) endangered the safety of the realm. It is dimly conceivable that, at the time, this fantastic theory may have borne some remote relation to reason as it is understood in Whitehall and Colney Hatch.

"But now that the German Navy is at the bottom of the sea, I defy even a Whitehall bureaucrat at the top of his form to reconcile this 'bar'-barity with any known variety of common-sense."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that if publicans were permitted to give a gill over a pint it would be only a matter of time before some licence-holders took to giving two pints for the price of one. The effect of this upon the nation's sobriety could not be contemplated with equanimity.

* * *

"Even though I may disagree with it," said Mr. Justice Bull, "Pussyfootism I can understand. But this sort of Pussyfootling is beyond my comprehension.

"However, a mere question of a pint is not the point. The main complaint of sensible people is that these absurd war-time 'offences,' created by cranks and faddists, should still be permitted to survive.

The demise of 'Dora' has frequently been announced, but apparently she has as many lives as the cat she is.

"This system of short shrift for 'long pulls' is but one of a number of ridiculous regulations, dealing with matters ranging from business signs to monkey-nuts, which have long outlived their uselessness.

"Not only do these 'offences,' manufactured from a penn'orth of red-tape and a ha'porth of sealing wax, bring the law into contempt; but the work of detecting them occupies the police to the exclusion of really important duties.

"A Jix who continues to defy the lightning of public opinion at this late hour is overstraining the quality of mercy. I must therefore direct that he be burnt in effigy by the Ancient Order of Frothblowers and that the ashes be heaped upon his diminished head."

FELLOWS LOUD SPEAKER 650 COUPONS
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A Snapshot of Miss E.A. West who writes:

"I was suffering from a very bad attack of Blood Poisoning and Eczema in my feet and hand. My feet became so bad that I could not walk, but now, after taking Clarke's Blood Mixture for some time, I can walk again (recently I walked 2½ miles). I am quite proud of my recovery, thanks to your Clarke's Blood Mixture, and shall always recommend it. I have already recommended it to one man for Rheumatism, and he tells me it has done him good."—(Signed) Miss E. A. West, Silt Road, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

successfully cleansed Miss West's blood and freed her of Poisoning

Other sufferers will find Clarke's Blood Mixture just as good for Abscesses, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Swollen Glands, Hæmorrhoids, also Rheumatism and Gout, all of which are sure signs of Blood impurities.

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Words Winged to Women

THE BOY AND THE BIRCH

by MABEL HORNER

"EVERY child," says Luther Burbank, "should have mud-pies, grasshoppers, water-bugs, tadpoles, frogs and turtles, elderberries, wild strawberries, acorns, chestnuts, trees to climb, brooks to wade in, water-lilies, hayfields and pinecones, rocks to roll, sand, snakes, huckleberries and hornets, and any child who has been deprived of these has been deprived of the best part of his education"

I HAVE been honoured by a small stream of cuttings from local papers, and also angry and indignant letters from persons in and around Darlington.

The town is oppressed by a strange wave of youthful crime. It is causing grave anxiety to the authorities, who are determined to put it down.

This is not surprising when we learn that in Darlington little boys are taking to breaking into premises and thieving as a means of finding exhilarating amusement.

The methods of two little boys of eleven, recently brought up in Darlington Juvenile Police Court, were described by the clerk as "sheer systematic burglary."

These young desperadoes had scaled a 12-ft. iron gate, climbed up to a window-ledge, and after removing a pane of glass by scraping away the putty with a piece of strong wire, raided the premises of the Co-operative Society.

Very little beyond cigarettes had been stolen, but eggs and other useful provisions were damaged and thrown about in the utmost disorder.

Similar raids on refreshment-stalls, damage to the Wesleyan Institute, and even to the office of the borough accountant, are also reported. Happily, when one boy suggested burning books in this latter case, the others drew the line and refused. Moreover, all the boys confessed to having committed the sins with which they were charged.

What is lacking

Even so, this kind of thing cannot go on unchecked, and the only question is, how best to deal with it. Darlington magistrates have settled the question in their own way. They have ordered three little boys, two aged nine, and one aged seven, to be birched.

I am sorry. To brand a little boy for life with a police birching seems to be a confession of utter incapacity to solve the question of juvenile naughtiness in a decent and civilised way.

The very magistrates who have ordered this remedy, in the words of their chairman, Alderman T. Crooks, admit that "the behaviour of all three boys showed a lamentable deficiency of parental control."

If anyone deserved a birching it seems to me clear that the parents did, and not the poor neglected victims of their imbecile incapacity. But then I do not believe that thrashing and degrading any human being can do anything to raise him one notch in either behaviour or character.

Mabel Horner

In the case of a grown-up thrashing a child, it is strength prevailing over weakness. It is cruelty. It does nothing to help.

I believe with Mr. Fred Scott, the Darlington probation officer, that these delinquencies are no sign at all of criminality. Unchecked that may lead to criminality, but that is another matter. These bad little boys are not out for personal gain. Nothing is to be "hauled" by breaking into a dull office full of official books or into an institute or school.

There are silly little boys, full of uncontrolled energy and love of adventure, whose parents confess inability to "control" them. If parents are so helpless it seems even more cruel to punish the children who are victims of their environment.

We have made this modern world a very difficult place for poor children. Instead of hayfields we have given them streets. Instead of leafy trees to climb we give them barred windows and iron gates.

We take away their playing-fields and their woods, and their barns and animals and tools, and bring them up for punishment when they make their own wild schemes of adventure in a futile attempt to break free from their prison-house.

Cruel crime

If we would face this fact, that we, and not the children, are to blame, we would alter matters and juvenile crime might cease. Boys simply *must* be up and doing

I once knew a group of young scamps who were allowed the use of a derelict hut. "Leasney Cabin" was its name—why, I could never discover.

They had a stove and a bench and tools. It was their own, their pirates' cave, their hermits' retreat, where tales of adventure were not only read, but acted.

Children don't want to be schooled all the time, but they do want to play. And if they receive no slightest guidance, are given no place nor tools or opportunity to do it in the proper way, they will seek it in the wrong.

To strip a child of all that makes his little world adventurous is indeed a crime, but it is not the child's crime. It is ours.

HUMANITY'S CARAVAN

Help for Those who Drop Out

IN spite of all our boasted learning, men and women really know very little of the road they are travelling. Humanity may be likened to a great caravan, moving slowly across a difficult and dangerous desert towards some hoped-for but unknown bourn.

Savage tribes may give short shrift to such of their numbers as drop out by the way. Death, lingering or swift, is all the weakest may expect, as the strong move on.

Civilisation has at least taught a better way. There is help in many forms for those who are suddenly checked in their progress by sickness or sudden disaster.

There is, for instance, the possibility of insurance. In looking through innumerable records of honest, hard-working family lives, it seems as though the most sudden and terrible enemy to be dreaded is fire.

A dangerous servant

No little home can be completely run without fire. No servant of the little home can be so dangerous. Clothes must be dried and aired before the fire, but no one on a cold night wants the fire hidden with steaming things while they are up and about.

In the case of Mrs. C. Simpson, of 5, Clergy Street, Macduff, it was merely one cloth spread out to dry when the family went to bed. But, although the fire was dying, an unexpected spark leapt out and falling on the cloth set it to smouldering.

Flames succeeded, rapidly spread to other articles, and before ever the sleeping family were aware of their awful peril the whole premises were involved.

With difficulty the inmates escaped, but only in their night attire, helped to shelter by a willing neighbour.

But what of the things destroyed? Neighbours might sympathise, but they could not repair the loss.

Happily, however, there was another friend who could, and did. Mrs. Simpson had taken the precaution of becoming a *registered* reader of JOHN BULL, and through this fact, after all the trouble and distress, was able to start her home afresh. At the best, the practice of airing clothes before an open fire is to be condemned. But bad weather and the unhappy lack of gardens very often forces all sorts and conditions of housewives to take this course.

Safety first

Mrs. Sykes is the wife of a police-constable, with quarters at the police-station, Tadcaster, but when she overloaded her line it snapped and all the clean clothes fell on to the fire.

Before they could be retrieved irreparable damage was done, but P.C. Sykes' foresight in becoming a *registered* reader saved himself and his wife from total loss.

Almost the same catastrophe happened in the home of Mr. M. S. Patterson, of 84, Tarring Street, Stockton-on-Tees, but as the family was in bed when the flames spread only the fire brigade could save the home.

In addition Mr. Patterson was a *registered* reader of JOHN BULL, and the cheque he received was a very substantial help in restoring things to ship-shape. After all, since it costs nothing extra, registration is a very simple precaution to take.

In the words of one new reader, "I believe in safety first, therefore I *registered*, although I enjoy your fearlessly outspoken paper for itself."

A "Fiver" for a Postcard!

WRITE down on a postcard the name and address of a Window Display competing in JOHN BULL'S Great National Window Display Competition which attracts you most and a short description of it not exceeding thirty words. Send the postcard, with your own name and address, to JOHN BULL, "Stars" Department, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. A Prize of £5 will be awarded weekly for the best description sent in. All windows competing show the JOHN BULL "Star." If your local tradesmen do not know of this great competition, tell them all about it. Full particulars on page 14.

Why Suffer from Rheumatism?

Read every word of this article; it explains how Bishop's Varalettes turn Uric Acid into a harmless compound which the body easily expels.

As everyone knows, rheumatism, gout, and all kindred afflictions are due to an accumulation of Uric Acid in the system which cannot be got rid of by ordinary means. Yet, unless checked the trouble grows and grows, crippling the sufferer and causing untold, life-long misery.

The Source of Uric Acid.

Uric acid, which is so mischievous in its consequences, is one of the natural waste products of the body. It forms partly from the worn-out portions of the tissues, and partly from certain elements of the food, but whichever source it springs from its mode of action is the same, it possesses the same properties and produces the same effects.

As for all other waste products, the system is provided with means for the destruction of uric acid, so that in early life and in good health the dangerous substance is removed before it can do any harm. Later in life, however, the organs intended for this purpose, viz., the liver and the kidneys, do not always act with complete regularity, so that a certain portion of the uric acid is left in the body; while at the same time changes in personal habits and in the nature and quantity of diet result in the introduction of an abnormal quantity of uric acid into the system. The uric acid thus retained in the body enters the circulation, and begins at once to play havoc with the health. This clogging waste matter chokes up the tiny blood vessels, causes congestion of the circulation, with resultant intense headache, feverish conditions, nervous irritability, sleeplessness and depression.

Beginnings of Pain.

When uric acid has thoroughly saturated the blood it begins to drop out upon the tissues through which the blood circulates, and in the form of small crystals it forces its way through joints, cartilages, and muscles. At first its presence causes only slight twinges of pain, felt in the muscles and joints, during damp or changeable weather, after over-exertion or fatigue of any sort. Soon these pains become more constant, and develop into rheumatism or lumbago, when the deposits of uric acid have spread over large areas of the muscles and destroyed their elasticity.

Sometimes the spread of uric acid is heralded by a numbness and tingling in the fingers, which betokens the development of one of the most acutely painful forms of the malady, neuritis. In this and its twin disorder, sciatica, sharp pin-points of uric acid pierce the nerves of the arm and thigh respectively, and it is the first and tiniest of these crystals that cause the sensation of pins and needles. This latter, however, becomes a hot stabbing and incessant pain, which finally results in lameness and great muscular weakness. The irritating particles of uric acid embed themselves in the skin, where their presence sets up the intolerable irritation of that most obstinate of all skin disorders, eczema.

Rheumatic Joints.

The most familiar results of uric acid impregnation, however, are the stiff, swollen and painful joints of chronic rheumatism and rheumatic gout. These are the largest deposits of uric acid which occur in the body, and perhaps the most difficult to remove, but like all other uratic accumulations, they can be broken up and dispersed by the chemical action of that group of agents known as uric-acid solvents. Uric acid solvents furnish, in fact, the only logical and successful treatment for these ailments.

The most successful uric acid solvents are those which compose Bishop's Varalettes. That explains why for a number of years Bishop's Varalettes have been regarded as the most effective remedy and preventive for rheumatic and gouty maladies. Their mode of action in the body is so interesting that it merits a moment's description.

How the Remedy Acts.

Bishop's Varalettes enter the circulation in solution, and are speedily carried by the blood to every portion of the anatomy. Wherever uric acid has accumulated, be it in joints, muscles, or organs, Bishop's Varalettes come into contact with it, and form a chemical combination which robs uric acid of all its dreaded properties. Under the action of Bishop's Varalettes, uric acid is converted from an insoluble, pain-causing and dangerous waste product into the most harmless and easily-controlled compound, which gives no more trouble in the body than the rest of the waste products.

Transformed into this condition by Bishop's Varalettes, uric acid is gradually washed out of the joints, muscles, and nerves, and removed from the system through the kidneys. With its departure, pain and inflammation disappear, the muscles regain their elasticity and suppleness, swollen joints are reduced to normal size and flexibility, stiffness and lameness depart, and the system becomes once again free.

In Bishop's Varalettes the makers do not offer a "quack" nostrum for which miraculous powers to cure all complaints are claimed, but a known and well-tried remedy for rheumatic maladies. Bishop's Varalettes are the one remedy you can rely upon to give you relief and lasting freedom from rheumatic and gouty suffering.

So confident are we of the value of the Varaletto treatment—based as it is on 30 years of success—that we will refund in full the 7s. paid for a 30 days' course of Bishop's Varalettes where the treatment has been faithfully followed if no relief is obtained. We ask you just to return to us the wrapper from the 7s. bottle, and we will refund the money.

Bishop's Varalettes may be obtained of all chemists at 3s. and 7s., or post free from the makers, as above.

Hints on Diet FREE.

Since a portion of the uric acid is introduced by food, as explained above it follows that the avoidance of food and drink rich in uric acid is important. The question of individual needs is too long and complicated a subject to discuss here, but the whole matter is set out in authoritative form in a little booklet issued free by the makers of Bishop's Varalettes. In this booklet you will find a list of all the uric-acid forming foods and beverages which must be strictly avoided, together with a wide range of permissible foods, of which the richness and variety will perhaps surprise you.

This booklet corrects many fallacious opinions on the subject of diet and should be in the possession of all who are subject to rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago, gout, etc., as a reliable guide to health.

A copy will be sent post free on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes.

ALFRED BISHOP LTD.,
Manufacturing Chemists (Est. 1857),
50, SPELMAN ST., LONDON, E.1.

THE TALK OF TWO CONTINENTS

The Langham Portable Radio Set, illustrated here, has broken all records at the Radio Exhibition. For it is unique in its class. Full continental range up to 1,000 miles, only one tuning control, and perfect loud-speaker reproduction anywhere.
The new Transatlantic Portable is the talk of two continents. Equally simple to operate, it is the only portable in the world that has received the U.S. on 'phones and loud-speaker.

Each carries a definite 12 months' guarantee, either may be yours for only £5 deposit. Balance by monthly instalments. Write for full particulars.

The LANGHAM Portable Radio

Langham Radio, Albion House, 59, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2878 & 8293.

KNITTING for PROFIT

Mrs. Reader earned £312 in 3 years.

KNITTING is one of the pleasantest—as well as most profitable—home occupations for women; and men, too, for that matter. During the past few years it has become increasingly popular. This is not surprising, because every working and middle-class family has felt in some way the financial strain of recent years, and many have had to go without those little extras which "make all the difference." Many families, however, instead of cutting down expenses, have increased the family income by turning spare half-hours into money.

While knitting by hand in the old-fashioned way is a delightful occupation for spare moments, it is much too slow to be remunerative, and the individual who wants to make good money by knitting requires the assistance of a good Knitting Machine capable of making a pair of men's half-hose in half an hour or less. Many people up and down the country are making spare-time money by using the Golden Fleece Knitting Machine, and where they are able to give full time to the work they are earning comfortable incomes.

The machine is easily worked with the guidance of the Free Instruction Book, which makes everything quite clear.

A GUARANTEED MARKET

When you buy a Golden Fleece Knitting Machine you also receive a guarantee that we will purchase the whole of your output of hosiery for three years—your market, therefore, is certain. Of course, you are always at liberty to sell your work where you like, and you can make all sorts of garments with astounding speed—babies' woollens, jumpers, scarves, etc., all of which have a ready sale. We have many grateful housewives who write to us that they earn as much as £2 per week in this way.

FREE BOOK

Send for the interesting illustrated free book on Home Knitting which is yours for the asking. It will involve you in no obligation. Take this first step towards an easy extra income—either call, or fill in and cut out the coupon below and post it to us to-day. It will cost you only a penny stamp to do so, and it will explain to you fully the great opportunity that home employment offers. Write to-day.

"JOHN BULL" COUPON

To the South British Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (Dept. 63.H), 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C. 1

Sirs,—I would like to read a copy of your Free Booklet telling how money can be saved and made at home with a Golden Fleece Knitting Machine. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage to:—

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J.B., Oct. 8, 63.H.

HERE'S THE LATEST!

—COD LIVER OIL IN TASTELESS TABLETS

Great Flesh Builder for Skinny, Weak, Run-Down People.

No more need weak, thin, unfortunate children cry in protest when the nasty fishy-tasting, horrible-smelling Cod Liver Oil is brought out.

Medical science progresses rapidly, and now you can get at your Chemist's real, genuine Cod Liver Oil in sugar-coated tablets that young and old can take with ease and pleasure.

Even the run-down and skinny grown-ups who ought to take Cod Liver Oil, because it really is the greatest vitamin food and builder of healthy flesh in the world, will be glad when they read this welcome news.

Of course, Doctors have been prescribing Cod Liver Oil in tablets under another name for several years, but it is only now that one can walk into a Chemist's and get a box of these flesh-producing tablets just as easily as a bottle of cough mixture.

Thin, run-down, anæmic men, women and children who need to grow strong and take on flesh are advised to get a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets, and if you don't gain 3 lbs. with 30 days' treatment as prescribed, just get your money back.

Just ask for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets; any good chemist will tell you that they are wonderful flesh and health builders and don't forget that they are wonder workers for feeble old folks.

Only 1/3 and 3/- the box at any Chemist's.

What a fine baby!

Happy and bonny with strong limbs and firm flesh—that's because he is well-nourished.

All Neave's Babies make fine children because Neave's Food contains just the necessary ingredients for building body, bone, brain and muscle. It assists teething, gives healthy sleep and is easily digested.

Doctors specially recommend NEAVE'S in cases of wasting Rickets and other infantile diseases. Give your baby a good start in life by giving him a food which has stood a century's test.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE - Cartons 6d. Tins, 1/8, 3/9.

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TRIAL TIN FREE

Messrs. Neave's Food Ltd., (Dept. 7). Fordingbridge. Dear Sirs,—Please send me free, and post free large size Trial Tin of Neave's Food.

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Write clearly in CAPITAL letters.

Human Documents

Slavery on a Farm

Dangerous Deception—Son's Sad Trial—An Unwelcome Guest

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"TWENTY-SEVEN years ago my aunt was in a very difficult position, having no relatives who were able to support her or provide her with a home. At that time it looked rather as though she would be compelled to seek refuge in the workhouse.

"She was at her wits' end to know what to do when she received an offer of employment from a farmer, who promised her half-a-crown or three shillings a week in addition to her keep if after a trial he found her satisfactory. This was a poor enough offer, but it was better than nothing.

"From the fact that she remained in the farmer's service for twenty-seven years it is fairly evident that she did suit her employer, but although she did all the work of the household and helped in the dairy in addition she has never at any time received a penny wages!

IT may have been foolish for her to have allowed things to go on in this way, but it was a relief to her after a long period of anxiety to have a roof over her head, and at first she no doubt supposed that her promised wages were being allowed to accumulate for her.

"She is now over sixty years of age and has recently suffered a breakdown in health and been confined to her bed.

"Her taskmaster, realising no doubt that he had had the best years of her life and being doubtful regarding her recovery, calmly wrote and told us that he was having her removed to the local poor-law institution, the workhouse of which she has always lived in such dread.

"The manner of her going was in itself shameful. She had no idea of her destination. She was taken from her bed by the wife of the farm carter and borne to the workhouse in a ragged night-gown, and upon her arrival there a nurse remarked that she appeared to be half-starved.

"Now we find that not only had she received no wages for twenty-seven years, but that no health insurance contributions had been paid, so that even if she should recover sufficiently to leave the institution she would be unable to draw the few shillings of sickness benefit to which she would otherwise be entitled.

"What can be done in such a case?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Such conditions of employment amount to nothing short of slavery. I strongly recommend you to report the whole of the circumstances to the National Health Insurance inspector for the district, whose address you can obtain at the local post-office.*

• • •

"SINCE our marriage nine years ago my husband and I have lived with my mother and during that time two children have been born to us.

A Choice of Homes

"The household is a very happy one. We all get along well together. We have ample room in my mother's house and she does not in any way interfere with us.

"Some years back, however, when council houses were being erected, my husband and I applied for one. It is only recently, since the second lot has been built, that I have been given to understand that our chance of obtaining one is very good.

"If my husband knew this he would probably be greatly elated, but—I am thinking of my mother.

"My father has been missing for over ten years. He was wounded in a naval action, and his wounds gave rise to mental trouble. He disappeared and we have never been able to obtain any definite news of him since.

"Mother is now practically dependent upon me for comfort, and I am wondering whether I should not conceal from my husband the fact that we now have an opportunity of getting a house of our own.

"I should not like to hurt my husband, but I cannot bear the thought of leaving my darling mother alone to brood and watch for the news of my father that never comes."

"HUMANIST" says: *I quite understand your feelings, but there should be no need for concealment or deception. Such a husband will no doubt approve your devotion to your mother in her pathetic loneliness, and as you are all so comfortable he will realise that there are others with greater claim on any houses vacant.*

• • •

"FOR sixteen years my mother has been addicted to drink, which has caused endless trouble in the family. First of all my father deserted us and went abroad, and nothing has been heard of him since.

Sad Home-Coming

"For a time after he had gone my mother pulled herself together, but she relapsed, and after another year or two of untold misery my brother and I joined the Army.

"I have been serving abroad, hoping against hope all the time that my mother would be able to free herself from the terrible curse under which she has fallen, but I returned home recently to find that she has gone from bad to worse.

"The allotment of my pay which I made to her has been spent in the same way and she is living with a shameless beast who shares her dissipation.

"I am hoping to be married shortly and I have told my mother that all my allotment will have to cease. She immediately became abusive and told all the neighbours that my girl is trying to separate mother and son and inducing me to take the bread out of her mouth.

"I feel heartbroken about all this, for my girl would help in every way possible if my mother were willing to be helped.

"I have offered to break the engagement if it will save her from annoyance, but she says she will stick to me whatever happens."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is unutterably sad to have a mother so degraded that she resists all efforts made to reclaim her, but that is no reason why you should forego the blessing of the sympathy and companionship of a loving and devoted wife such as the girl you describe would no doubt prove herself to be. Perhaps your united efforts may yet influence your mother for good.*

• • •

Sick and Needy

IN many working-class homes where the breadwinner's earnings are insufficient to save for a rainy day, sickness is followed by the spectre of starvation. You can provide much-needed nourishment and succour for such stricken souls by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These ——" Fund. (See page 38.)

"JUST before last Christmas a woman came to the house and asked us to take her in. She seemed ill, so we felt we could not turn her away. She told us she would not be able to pay us anything until the middle of January.

Entertaining a Stranger

From then till now we have never had a penny. I have mentioned it once or twice and she says the money hasn't come through yet, but that it will be all right.

"She has been ill and I have nursed her, but I cannot get her to tell me anything definite as to where her money is coming from. We have three quite young children and an extra mouth to feed means a lot.

"She speaks of trying to get a place as cook, but I doubt whether she is strong enough now to keep a situation for long.

"I hardly like to tell her to go, but her staying like this is a great worry."

"HUMANIST" says: *You seem to have behaved in the generous manner that is usual among those who know what it is to be poor, but it is not right for you to deprive your little ones in order to entertain a stranger. You must tell her, as kindly as possible, that you can no longer support her and refer her to the guardians.*

• • •

A Grim Jest

"Years ago when I was young and foolish, I said in jest that I would marry an old man with a long stocking and a short cough. As it happened I did, and to my great distress, within a few months of my marriage, my husband fell downstairs and fatally injured himself. I have recently married again, and I find that people are suggesting that I was somehow responsible for the accident. I am terrified lest my husband should hear such gossip."

"Humanist" says: *Why be terrified? You may rest assured that if there had been the slightest ground for suspicion that you were in any way responsible for your first husband's death, the law would have held you to account, so that you should have no difficulty in refuting such unpleasant suggestions.*

The Gay Life

"I have been engaged for two years and my fiancé is impatient to be married. Somehow I seem to shirk the responsibility for no very definite reason. I think perhaps I have had too gay a time during my engagement."

"Humanist" says: *I am afraid there is a tendency among young girls nowadays to indulge in gaiety to an extent which may unfit them for the quieter pleasures and contentment of married life. Discuss the matter frankly with your fiancé, and unless you feel quite sure of yourself postpone your marriage for a year, during which time try to do without so much entertainment.*

A Doctor's Bill

"My father died nearly a year ago, and my mother, who has only 10s. a week, still owes the doctor's bill. She has offered the collector 6d. a week, but in the most bullying manner he refused it."

"Humanist" says: *I doubt whether the doctor can be aware that a woman so badly off is being bullied by the collector in the way you describe. Tell your mother to visit the doctor and explain her position, when I have no doubt he will willingly accept whatever instalments she can offer.*

IS YOUR HEALTH SLIPPING?

Are you feeling "stale"?—"run down"?—"resistance" low? power and endurance diminished?

Here is a definite, commonsense, proved method for building perfect health—totally different from any ordinary "exercise course"—which will be sent you by post for immediate use in the comfort and convenience of your own home.

GOOD health, endurance, efficiency, SUCCESS—all these belong to you by every natural right.

Your health really controls your success, whether from a business, professional or social point of view. And your health depends upon what you do now to protect or to restore it.

No man wants ill-health to make him a "back number"—to have friends say "He's finished—he doesn't count any longer." This need not happen to you.

Here is YOUR Opportunity!

If you have lost the zest that you had for your work; if you tire quickly; if you are growing too thin or too fat; if you are nervous; if you are losing your grip—learn how you can, in your own home, at the cost of a very small fee and a few minutes' time each morning, quickly and surely regain true health and lasting vigour. Send the coupon below for a copy of a wonderful booklet "How to Assure Your Health," with particulars of the "Twelve Weeks to Health" Course, that simply establishes the natural conditions which produce good health. It employs the special means necessary to repair the damage caused by wrong habits and indulgences.

The True and Natural Way.

"TWELVE WEEKS TO HEALTH."

is a complete health-building course; it is far more than a set of exercises. It is able to "Assure Your Health" because its rules, instructions and exercises cover the entire programme you must follow, and if you follow it, health must come to you if you have no incurable disease or injury. So interestingly and logically and so convincingly are the progressive steps in the "Twelve Weeks to Health" developed and explained that there is constant stimulus to advancement, and when the twelfth week is reached there is a sense of satisfaction in finding that everything learnt and practised during the twelve weeks has resolved itself into a natural complete and permanent programme for continued use in preserving health and lengthening life in years to come.

This complete programme of health restoration and health preservation, known as "Twelve Weeks to Health," has attained an astounding success throughout North America since its introduction a few months ago. Its scientific perfection, practical common sense, and surprising simplicity differentiate it from anything yet offered, and it must not be confused with the "physical culture" courses which have hitherto been the only—and to all intents and purposes useless—means available for self-instruction in health matters.

How "Twelve Weeks to Health" originated—how its author, Mr. Arthur A. McGovern, had the co-operation of hundreds of physicians in his work—how his fifteen years' experience in medical colleges and clinics and in his own New York Studio had helped—are explained in a PRESENTATION BOOKLET which will be sent to you FREE.

POST THE COUPON TO-DAY.

Write your name and address, clearly, in the coupon provided, for a free copy of a wonderful booklet "How to Assure Your Health," with free particulars regarding the "Twelve Weeks to Health" Course. Your enquiry places you under no obligation.

COUPON

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Please send me, free of charge or obligation, the booklet, "How to Assure Your Health," with particulars of the "Twelve Weeks to Health" Course.

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FULL ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... J.B.

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For human use, ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION 2/- & 4/- of all chemists.

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LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, BRUISES, CHEST COLDS, SORE THROAT FROM COLD, etc., etc.

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IMPORTANT

To all sufferers from CATARRH

Deafness, Asthma, Ear Noises, Hay Fever.

Hundreds of men and women who in the past suffered from Catarrh, Deafness, Asthma and similar distressing ailments—but who suffer no longer—testify to the wonderful cures effected by the use in their own homes of the late Sir Hiram Maxim's inhaler. Yet many thousands who still suffer hesitate to send for this wonderful invention because they are in doubt whether it would effect a cure in *their* case.

OUR NEW OFFER

On receipt of P.O. for 2/6, we will send you one of these Maxim Inhaler Sets. Use it for seven days. If it does not bring you relief, send it back to us unbroken and we will refund your money. If you obtain benefit from it, as we know you will, then send us the balance of 5/-. Only new and unused Inhalers are issued by us. Every set returned is destroyed and means a dead loss to us.

If you would prefer to have our booklet, the "Home Doctor," first, we will send it FREE on receipt of your name and address. It tells in their own words the experience of those who have used the Inhaler and been cured of Catarrh, Deafness, Hay Fever, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis. If you suffer from, or are subject to, any of these complaints, this Inhaler will truly surprise you. Its use brings immediate relief and eventual cure. No matter what remedies you have tried before, make up your mind now to suffer no more. Send your P.O. to-day (or write for the booklet). Where other "cures" have entirely failed, this Inhaler has succeeded.

COUPON

Please send me Maxim Inhaler Set. I enclose P.O. 2/6, and will either send the balance 5/- or return the set unbroken within 7 days for refund of my deposit.

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ADDRESS .....

Sir Hiram Maxim's Licensees (Dept M.L.1)
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EAT MORE SEAWEED!

1/3 per bottle.

Trade Mark.

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Tablets

THE NEW TONIC TREATMENT

Iodine! Vitamins! Seaweed!

Your system must be nourished with these three vitalizers to ensure perfect health. The thyroid gland is, perhaps, the most important of the human organs, and the action of IODINE on the thyroid is like magic. The old look and feel younger, the lethargic become brisk and energetic, the dull-brained become quick-witted and bright, the dyspeptic and liverish forget their ailments with this wonderful new life imparted through the Seaweed Iodine treatment. Beneficial results are felt from the very first dose.

GUARANTEED TO RELIEVE—

Headache, Indigestion, Neuralgia ..	5 minutes.
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Depression, Nerves, All Pains	15 "
Tired Feeling, Lack of Energy	15 "
Colds, Influenza, Fever	overnight.
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Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis	quickly.
Anæmia, Skin Blemishes	

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FREE Send postcard for free treatise on the various ailments which respond to the seaweed treatment. Also booklet, **"Seaweed and its Story."** by Dr. W. J. Melhuish, D.Sc., D.Ph.

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We want everyone to try this wonderful remedy at our expense. Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your chemist. Use contents, and unless the improvement in your health is intensely apparent in every way, we want you to post us the empty bottle and we will immediately refund your money.

Trade supplied with material on request.

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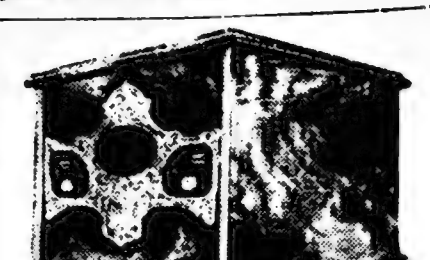

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The FILONATOR supplied with every General Radio Set can be recharged instantly in your own home simply by inserting refill tablets supplied. More economical, efficient, permanent and reliable than any accumulator.

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Standard equipment with all General Radio Sets. Operate at full efficiency on only 1·4 volts with "power valve" results.

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NO INCREASE IN PRICES!

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Our Letter Parliament

Shall We Sack Him?

Get Together!—A Barbarous Law—Industry's Curse

MR. A. G. GARDINER'S well-merited rebuke (JOHN BULL, September 24) to statesmen who throw icy-cold water on the League of Nations' feverish efforts to make peace all round is opportune. It is perhaps as well to remember, however, that we cannot be every country's bulldog and that there must be an end to our police duties. Britain is the mother of a large family to whom she owes a great deal and it is only fair that our colonies should be our first consideration.—*F. A. M., London.*

Deplorable Error

In "A Statesman's Sin" Mr. A. G. Gardiner strikes vigorously, and rightly so, at the root of a very grave and deplorable error on the part of one of our most prominent Ministers. Why cannot our statesmen think reasonably and allow Britain to fall into line with other nations in the League and give its work the extra impetus it so sorely needs? Are they content to stand idly by and let our country become involved in a more terrible conflict than that of 1914-18?—*L. M. S., Forfars.*

Why Not?

Owing to the attitude of our Government we are made to appear bellicose, and the Disarmament Conference failure did us no good in this respect. But as regards the possibility of estrangement with America, there is a simple solution. Why not persuade America to join the League of Nations?—*A. L. M., London.*

Speech and Action

What our Foreign Secretary said needed to be said. We have done much, yet many have done nothing. Let France take a turn and withdraw from the Rhine. And if America wants to play such a large part in the making of peace on earth why doesn't she join the League of Nations, scrap the Monroe doctrine and cease her pettifogging tricks with the Central American States? Again, why does she want a large navy? Has she so much money that it is burning a hole in her pocket?—*R. I., Cheshire.*

The Patient Fool

Most people will agree that Britain seems to contribute more than her share to keep world peace. We undertake this mandate and that; guarantee this frontier and that; and who foots the bill for all this effort towards peace? Why, the most heavily taxed fool in the world, the Britisher. The sooner other countries realise Britain is not a philanthropic institution the better.—*F. C. B., Leicester.*

The Cold Douche

There will be general concern everywhere amongst true peace lovers at the way Sir Austen Chamberlain is throwing cold douches on the work of the League of Nations. We are missing the tactful help, already, of Lord Cecil. Our leadership is indeed being threatened, and if we are not careful, our sincerity will soon be questioned. We are supporting the League, anxious for its success, and our statesmen need to remember it.—*R. E., Birmingham*

Good-bye!

After the lamentable blunder of Sir Austen Chamberlain at Geneva, it is patent to everybody that the Foreign Secretary must be removed from power at the earliest opportunity. If Mr. Baldwin will not do it, then the British public must force his hand. Permanent peace is of more importance to the British Empire than all the Foreign Secretaries that ever existed.—*D. T., Mon.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A Square Deal

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's article (JOHN BULL, September 24), describing the business methods of the American Mr. Nash, affords a startling example of what can be achieved by co-operation, and although a unique case, there is no reason why it should remain an isolated one. He hits the nail on the head, too, when he says that goodwill in industry will never be gained by table-talk. It can only be brought about by employers giving their men a square deal.—*A. C., Lancs.*

Always With Us

Mr. Holt's article, "The Snob Factory" (JOHN BULL, September 24), could have been written years ago, and unless the unexpected happens, the same article could appear years hence. I have seen and heard the charlady ridicule the office girl, the toil worker ridicule the pen pusher, yet during the war they all stood side by side for the great cause. The youths of to-day are no worse than they were twenty years ago, and if called upon to make a great sacrifice they would not fail.—*J. G. T., Edinburgh.*

The Dead Hand

Lord Birkenhead, in his new book, "Law, Life and Letters," describes our divorce law as "barbarous and prehistoric." He does not hesitate to lay the blame at the door of those who oppose reform on the grounds of Divine authority. Unhappily it is a familiar story. Texts have always been used by ecclesiastical reactionaries to defeat progress, whether Galileo's doctrine of the earth's motion, the abolition of slavery or Darwin's evolution.—*Leftus Dale, Havant*

More Light!

One of the best actions by the Postmaster-General recently is the provision of street telephone kiosks that can be used both day and night. The only fault is that they have no means of illumination at night. If their positions were chosen near to a street lamp, much of the present objection would be removed. Looking up a number in the telephone directory by the aid of matches is no fun.—*S. A., London.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"SOUTH WALES ECHO": "Two French poodles, waiting for the judge at the —— HORSE SHOW."

"GRAYS AND TILBURY GAZETTE": "The bride was charmingly attired in blue crêpe de chine and wore a DRESS OF BLACK CRINOLINE."

"CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE" (advertisement): "Gent's striped cotton under SKIRTS, HALF SLEEVES, 1s. 3d."

"ANSWERS": "Somewhat nervously the well-tailored youth rang the bell and fiddled with his tie BEFORE IT OPENED TO DISCLOSE A MAID."

"BRISTOL EVENING TIMES": "As the CROWD FLIES, the distance is three and three-quarter miles."

"STAR": "Liverpool Gallops. Forty-one HOUSES are on the spot."

Poorly Paid Parsons

Among the "Human Documents" in JOHN BULL of September 24, one which should provoke much thought is that of the poorly paid parson. All denominations, Anglican, Roman, Free Church, Wesleyan, Baptist or any other which plays a leading part in the religious life of the country, ought to pay their parsons a living wage.—*S. B., Rochdale.*

Sea Sorrows

The conditions of service in the Mercantile Marine, mentioned in JOHN BULL, September 24, need much improvement. Life at sea is strenuous, and only the strong can endure it. The fact that the profession is overcrowded is no excuse for such bad treatment. What is the Board of Trade doing in the matter?—*F. S., Mortlake.*

Bar Slaves

I wonder when the cudgels will be taken up in real earnest on behalf of the overworked bartenders? Of all the trades I know of, I think the barman's is the worst. It is shameful the hours he must work, from 9.30 a.m. till 10.30 p.m. Yet there is no consolation in big wages, because the majority of them are badly underpaid.—*E. McC., Belfast.*

Drink and "Dole"

In "Letter Parliament" of September 24, "E. H., Lincoln," compares the amount of money spent on drink since Armistice Day to the end of 1925 with that spent on out-of-work and unemployment grants. He might have added that during this period no less a sum than £1,125,000,000 was collected by direct taxation from drinkers of alcoholic beverages, making it possible for Parliament to pay its way and to allocate over £300,000,000 for unemployment grants.—*W. P. H., Waverley Park, S.E.*

Scrap Them!

My paper this morning says: "Two German guns allotted to Matlock after the Great War will be sold as scrap for the benefit of war widows and orphans." Would that other places besides Matlock would adopt this measure, thus helping to relieve distress which is due in part to the war, and going some little way to wipe out a stain on civilisation.—*C. J. C., Wallasey.*

Politics a Curse

There can be no ignoring the fact that industrial strife spells disaster to trade, yet men who preach peace and negotiation are invariably dubbed sentimentalists by the "die-hards" of Labour. The Party system is largely to blame. Politics are the curse of industry, and while each faction seeks to gain the advantage, the foreign competitor steps in and captures our trade. —*N., Durham.*

Behind the Scenes

Is it not time an independent enquiry was made as to the way infirmaries generally are conducted? From personal experience I assert that the treatment is more likely to kill than cure the patient! The inmates are often at the mercy of uneducated, bullying attendants and nurses. Guardians have no idea of what goes on "behind the scenes" and inmates are afraid to speak.—*J. P. P., Yarmouth.*

Who's Wrong?

Why doesn't the Government take action or come to a settlement regarding Army pay claims? Either the ex-soldiers are trying to get money under false pretences or are entitled to their pay. Who is in the wrong? Fight it out and have justice.—*A. R. L., Nottingham.*

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interest
—with capital intact

The safest and most paying method of investment is to spread one's savings over a very large number of different securities.
By joining the United Citizens' Investment Trust investors can do this, and insure against investment risks whilst earning a higher rate of interest than would otherwise be possible.
Dividends are payable half-yearly *without deduction of Income Tax*. Preference shares are *withdrawable* at any time; Ordinary shares can readily be sold.

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To the United Citizens' Investment Trust, Ltd., 14-15, Coleman St., London, E.C.2.
Please send the Trust's Balance Sheet, list of investments and particulars of membership.
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If you feel tired out and exhausted each day when work is over, you are slowly killing your womanly charm. You will get thin and enslaved to anæmic blood, a sallow complexion, listless eyes, cold hands and feet, headaches, dizziness, and that awful sense of weakness that takes all happiness from life. But you can banish that tired, weak feeling by taking Blood-Iron Phosphate, containing blood-enriching iron and nerve-creating phosphate. It increases power of endurance, wards off fatigue, and soon builds up solid, healthy flesh. Headaches disappear, and you regain that womanly charm which work stole from you. A fortnight's supply of Blood-Iron Phosphate costs 3s. from any good chemist. Get some to-day, and if your work does not seem lighter and you don't look and feel better, you can have your money back in full.

IMPORTANT.—Although Blood-Iron Phosphate is wonderfully effective for increasing strength and nervous energy, it should not be used by girls who object to putting on weight.

WITH JB

Fix it with **GLOY**

THE DAINTY PASTE

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So tough, so cheap to buy, these light rubbers are real money-savers.

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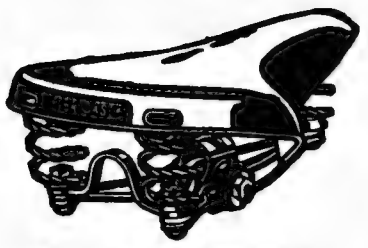

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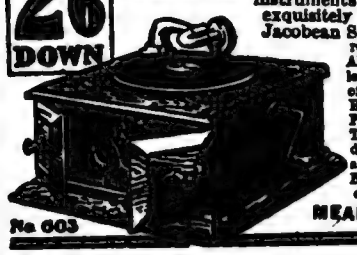

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MEAD CO. (Dept. G254), Birmingham.

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Most people miss most of the sunlight. There isn't very much of it, and what there is generally disappears before 'knocking-off' time! But the remedy is to have an Aladdin Lamp in your home. The light it gives is the next best thing to daylight—it is *unsurpassed by any other form of artificial lighting.* It has an incandescent mantle but burns ordinary paraffin, without pumping or pressure, at a cost of less than a farthing an hour. No smoke or smell. Just a wonderful diffused 80 c.p. light. The standard table model costs but two guineas (shade 6/- extra). See one at your ironmonger's to-day.

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Does your nose need powdering *again?*

WITH JB

Why use a powder that must be applied continually? It's so silly—especially when you can get a powder that always clings, never blows off and for less money. Poudre Tokalon is both less costly and more economical. One application lasts for hours and hours. That is because it contains *Mousse of Cream*. This makes less powder adhere longer. And, what is more, it actually protects your skin from a too hot sun, wind and rain. No one will ever know you powder, either. For Poudre Tokalon is so light as to be imperceptible. What a wonderous perfume it has, too. Faint, yet fragrantly delicious. Save money and improve your complexion by using Poudre Tokalon. Get it to-day—it only costs 1/- a box. Or in fashionably thin, handsome new refill type Compacts with "Spring-Button" catch, Mirror and Puff for 1/6. Compact Refills with new Puff, 9d.

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WE NEVER QUIBBLE.
ESTD. 31 YEARS.

TRY TRY AGAIN ONCE MORE

My Finals for the Cesarewitch—Try Try Again to beat Cap-a-Pie—St. Reynard for a Long-Shot—Kempton Park's Big Race

I CANNOT say truthfully that the Cesarewitch is my lucky race, but I have not had the same experience as the Turf writer who stated in his final review before Myra Gray's victory: "I have never tipped the winner." He then proceeded to fill the first three places and, once again, was all at sea.

THE race has not treated me unkindly in the past, and I always hope for the best. It is the only policy when dealing with an event which is a law unto itself. At the moment of writing my two selections—Try Try Again and Cap-a-Pie—are quite all right, although they have both been under a slight cloud.

MR. P. W. CARR'S mare went splendidly at headquarters in a mile and three-quarters gallop after a few days on the easy list, and, providing she keeps fit, I give her preference over Lord Derby's gelding.

LIGHTNING ARTIST may emulate the feat of Yutoi, but he did not convince me in the Newbury Cup, and I think that wherever he finishes he will find Adieu in front of him. I do not like passing over Walter Griggs' three-year-old, but one can put up a good case for half-a-dozen of the probables.

MY mail-bag enquiries are mainly for a long-shot each way. I have sent these correspondents St. Reynard. It has been stated that Gordon Richards will ride M. Harigan's charge, but he will have to "waste" a few pounds or put up overweight. The four-year-old is handicapped at 7st. 2lbs., and the champion jockey has been riding at 7st. 7lbs. lately. I hear that he is more likely to ride Bam-boula.

MY Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire doubles are

TRY TRY AGAIN—APELLE.
TRY TRY AGAIN—ORBINDOS.
CAP-A-PIE—APELLE.
CAP-A-PIE—ORBINDOS.

I HAVE repeated these as Apelle has accepted for this week's big race at Kempton, the Duke of York Handicap, and a victory here, with its 10lb. penalty, will put paid to his chances at Newmarket. A waiting policy is advisable with the crack Italian-bred champion.

THIS race is a furlong longer than the Cambridgeshire, but if most of the acceptors face the starter it will tell several important stables what chance they stand in the second half of the big double. I shall take a chance each way with Lord Dewar's Abbott Speed. On the "Jubilee" running he must go close, but Embargo is a very big danger.

THOSE who took the advice of my French Correspondent to follow the Macomber horses have already found three good winners, and they are certain to find others before the season ends. The stable has an ambitious programme marked out, and it is to ensure this being carried through that Charles Clout has made the journey from France to look after the horses.

VICTOR SMYTHE should score again with Dark Lad in the Brentford "Seller" at Kempton on the opening day, and I like the look of Dalmagarry in the Queen Elizabeth Plate. The Weyhill horse has not run since he finished fourth in the Stewards Cup, just behind Fohanaya.

Diligencia's last running can be ignored. He was shut out at the start.

* * *

Back Real Estate until he wins. His time is not far off, and when he does pop up a good price should be returned.

* * *

Gold Shower will be a profitable investment before the close of the season.

* * *

Yoho had all the worst of the draw at Newmarket when heavily backed in a big field. This fellow is not a "run-runner," he is useful.

* * *

I have been told that Gooch's selected in the Cambridgeshire will be Spectroscope. A microscope might be more useful.

MY finals for Saturday are Caryl, Silver Toss, and Free State. The latter may turn up at long odds.

Lord Glanelly

THE Glanely Handicap at Chepstow may be won by White Maize. His lordship has no entry for this handicap, but it should pay to follow his stable throughout the two-day meeting. He is one of the stewards of the Chepstow course and was mainly responsible for its construction.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Cardiff, Manchester C, Darlington, Rotherham, Motherwell, St. Mirren.
5 HOME.—Bradford C., Crewe, Nelson, Rochdale, Hearts.
4 HOME.—Cardiff, Manchester C., Darlington, Aberdeen.
3 AWAY.—West Bromwich, Bradford, Falkirk.
3 DRAWS.—Blackburn v. Huddersfield, New Brighton v. Lincoln, Bristol R. v. Watford.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Cardiff, Manchester C., St. Mirren, Bury, Newport.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Motherwell, Bradford, Bolton v. Newcastle.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUE I. and II.).—Cardiff, Everton, Sunderland, Leeds, Manchester C.

FORECASTS FOR OCTOBER 15.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Aston Villa, Burnley, Bury, Huddersfield, Newcastle, Sheffield U., Tottenham.
AWAY WINNER.—Cardiff.
DRAWS.—Birmingham v. Middlesbrough, Liverpool v. Everton.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Hull, Oldham, Preston, Southampton, Stoke, Swansea.
AWAY WINNER.—Leeds.
DRAWS.—Bristol C., West Bromwich, Notts Co. v. Blackpool, Wolverhampton v. Port Vale.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Northern).
HOME WINNERS.—Bradford, Darlington, Doncaster, Hartlepools, Lincoln, Tranmere, Wrexham.
AWAY WINNERS.—Rochdale, Halifax.
DRAWS.—Accrington v. Bradford, Durham v. Southport.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Southern).
HOME WINNERS.—Charlton, Crystal Palace, Exeter, Newport, Northampton, Norwich, Queen's Park Rangers, Swindon.
AWAY WINNERS.—Brentford, Southend.
DRAW.—Watford v. Plymouth.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.—Falkirk, Hibernians, Kilmarnock, Queen's Park, Raith.
AWAY WINNERS.—Cowdenbeath, Motherwell.
DRAWS.—Clyde v. Partick, Dundee v. Aberdeen, Glasgow Rangers v. Celtic.

MAKE RACING PAY. READ
"The Sporting Life"
Daily 2d.

GWILT, the Lambourn trainer, has a nice youngster in Tuborg, who spread-eagled a large field at Newbury after being left a couple of lengths. I am not keen on the stock of Black Jester, but I shall back this youngster until he is beaten.

IT will pay punters to note the mounts of A. Wragg, Stanley Wootton's young apprentice. This lad—a brother of H. and S. Wragg—is going to follow in the footsteps of Morris, Ingham, Smirke, Caldwell, Sirett, who all owe their teaching to the Master of Treadwell House. Owing to his suspension over Done Up at A.P., Turtle is still in the soup, but he is another of Wootton's nursery who will yet make good.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

3 P X W O V C R M I N J U D

T F G L E Z K S B Q 2 Y A H

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. PUQSLUJ would read FAIRWAY.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, October 5, to Tuesday, October 11.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!

DAVID COPE
AND
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128 TEAMS. 6 Different Lists.
Apply at once for
CHALLENGER (CREDIT) COUPONS
20/- in the £ ALWAYS.

Hot Dogs to Follow

IT will not be easy to find the winner of the hurdles championship for the *Sporting Life* trophy, even in the absence of Bill Ekin and Be Sporty, and much depends on certain conditions.

ON recent running, however, we have a preference for Jasserand, who is returning to form at the right time. Ejector Breech should run well, but Jasserand inspires confidence, and if drawn well should win the first hurdles championship.

ENTRY BADGE is, of course, a certainty for the flat championship unless something unexpected happens, and, coupled with Jasserand, provides a "double" of considerable possibilities.

IN the North, Clare Star is regarded as dangerous in the hurdles, but Bonzo is always difficult to beat, and may spring a surprise. At any rate, he will be well backed by the Manchester crowd, with which he is such a favourite.

SEVERAL of the Birmingham dogs have been running well of late, especially in their trials, and Canadian Girl and Knockrane Lass at Hall Green, and Wheeler's Lass and Crystal Set at King's Heath, should prove satisfactory investments.

AT Harringay, Silver Slipper, Blanche, White Spark, Conor, Mixed Candy, Happy Holiday and Scallywag are all expected to win a good race before the end of the season.

IN the Leeds Kennels, Lady Light, Fair Tyrant, Daisy Ling, Kilmacreagh, Fine Sugar and The Begum appear outstanding at the present time, but War Mist is one of the most improved dogs in the country, and must be watched.

THE ROARER has jumped into form at Blackpool, and should defeat many more fancied competitors before long. From the same kennels come Sunday Rambler, Free Set, Bright Light, an interesting trio indeed.

RAMBLER'S HOPE at Sheffield is another dog that is displaying improved speed, and with Prudent Pat, Fleetmont, Lembolo and Kilmackee cannot long be delayed from securing winning honours.

WARNING

TO PURCHASERS OF WIRELESS SETS.

The public are warned that many wireless "receivers" are being offered at prices which *do not and cannot include the cost* of the necessary Valves, Royalty, Loud Speaker, Battery, Accumulator, or even Aerial Equipment.

The cost of these essential items is far more than that of the shells or husks of sets which the public might be led to believe are complete wireless sets.

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Issued by General Radio Co., Ltd., 235, Regent Street, London, W.1, who will be pleased to send a Catalogue to anybody interested.

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Dear Sirs, Clerkenwell, E.C.1

For many years I have suffered from severe attacks of Bronchitis, from which I have been unable to obtain any relief whatever until I tried Powell's Balsam of Aniseed. It has worked wonders for me, giving me instant relief and making my breathing free and easy.

Yours gratefully, Mrs. WILSON.

Powell's BALSAM of ANISEED

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1/3, 3/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Whiteleys, Harrods, Selfridges, and all Chemists and Stores. *Issued by Thomas Powell Ltd. London, S.E.*

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Symptoms which appear trivial in themselves may be the forerunners of the most dreaded diseases of modern times, diseases which may ruin not only one life but many.

Consult your own doctor or apply for free consultation under conditions of secrecy at the Out-Patients' Department of the nearest Hospital.

Full information free (in plain cover) can be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated, Dept. P, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1, and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

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CANS ASPRO can bring sweet sleep to the sleepless in a few minutes. ASPRO can dispel a racking headache in 5 minutes—it can relieve maddening Rheumatic attacks in one night—it can stop a cold or 'Flu attack in one night—it can save you money—it can soothe away irritability and nerviness—it helps every woman every little while—it can bring you back to normal after a too heavy application of the "Convivial Glass"—it can save many a sound tooth by stopping the toothache—it can help every member of your family from youngest to eldest.

CAN'TS ASPRO can't do any of the things in the previous column for you unless you give it a trial—When you do you'll find ASPRO can't hurt the heart—it can't dope, deaden or drug because it acts in a soothing way. It can't cause Indigestion because its base is made from a food product—it does not contain chalk or other indigestible matter. ASPRO can't be limited because it has a universal use, and new fields of helpfulness are opening up daily. In fact, ASPRO is the wonder medicine of the world. It can't be beaten.

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ASPRO is now prescribed by leading members of the medical profession They know its metaphysical value as well as its medicinal value. The medical profession demand in a medicine—

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ASPRO consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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Weakening Effect of

HÆMORRHOIDS

ARE you an occasional sufferer or have you hæmorrhoids in the chronic form? If so, you will gain speedy relief from the application of Zam Buk, which is most valuable for stopping hæmorrhage, reducing swelling and allaying irritation.

Mr. A. E. Crow, railway worker, of 5, Queen's Street, Sleaford, says:—"Travelling about in all kinds of weather started my hæmorrhoids. Night after night I was in agony with the itching and shooting pains, and for 3 years life was a misery.

"I tried all sorts of remedies, but none did me the slightest good. Medical treatment, too, brought no lasting relief. Zam-Buk, however, proved simply marvellous in soothing the awful itching pain. I used more Zam-Buk and soon the hæmorrhoids were completely cured."

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THE GREAT CURATIVE BALM.

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 39.)

£2 10s. Winners *(continued.)*

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Beats Me—Question The Children *Answer.*
C. G. Hall, 41, Loveday Road, Ealing, W.
Untying The Knot—Difficult—Profiteering Interests "Wedded."
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Mrs. L. E. Scott, 16, Fairlight Road, Eastbourne.
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She Fancies—Nothing—But Appetite's Astonishing.
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A Complete List of 200 5/- and 1,000 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

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No damaged or soiled goods. All guaranteed genuine regular stock.

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FREE GIFT COUPON.
By attaching this coupon to the order, readers of "John Bull" will receive a beautiful and valuable FREE GIFT along with the goods. (J.B.14)

The Health and Help Bureau for Body and Mind.

There are very few people who are really in perfect health. Nearly everyone has some little ache or pain, or physical discomfort; or, it may be, is discontented or depressed or unsuccessful, and wonders why! Nearly everyone needs a friend or adviser at times like these, and perhaps does not know to whom to turn, or whom to ask for reliable advice on ailments and troubles which are causing them anxiety.

Now this is just the right time to write to the E.M. Health & Help Bureau for Body and Mind (Dept. B.J.) at 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2. This is under the direct guidance and supervision of Mr. Eustace Miles, M.A., who has helped thousands of people to real Mental and Physical Health by the simple, easy and natural methods which have proved so increasingly successful during the last quarter of a century.

This Bureau gives a little free advice and guidance in reply to the first letter received. All you have to do is to send your name (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and full address plainly written in block capitals, and mention any troubles, Mental or Physical, and give a brief outline of how your average day is occupied.

Enquirers may rest assured that all communications are treated in the strictest confidence.

Enclose three-halfpenny stamp for postage.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 853 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and address and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this Competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

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JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

B. Y. (Newport).—"I am physically ill." Now exercise your brains.

L. N. (Southend).—"I'll send my mother-in-law to talk to you." Coward!

T. P. (Luton).—"Will you do nothing for me?" Yes.

H. E. (Towcester).—"I tried to drown my troubles." It's better to down them.

T. R. (Dartford).—"The doctor said he'd examine me for £1." Did he find it?

G. N. (Borthwood).—"Some mothers-in-law go too far." Impossible!

L. N. (Newton).—"What makes more noise than a baby in a flat?" Twins.

A. Y. (Stafford).—"The modern girl will never falter." She knows she's got to reach the altar.

A. R. (Maidstone).—"I saw her home that evening." Did you decide you'd like to live there?

G. N. (Paddington).—"I motored through Long Acre the other day." Yes, there's quite a good 'bus service.

VISITOR (New York).—"I like London." There is serious talk of continuing the place.

A. E. (Slough).—"What is worse than a bow-tie worn in the neighbourhood of the ear?" A sock on the jaw.

B. T. (Harwood).—"My brain is like ice." It must be. Your article is the frozen limit.

J. T. (Faversham).—"I have seen windy summers." Then you must have been in this country about forty years.

T. P. (Douglas).—"Is Cubist wallpaper clear?" Oh no. Paste up cross-word puzzles.

D. B. (Stanmore).—"I wrote a play without a hero." Then you'll have to find a hero to produce it.

H. N. (Brighton).—"He writes me abusive letters demanding cash." Send him a copper or two.

D. G. (Bournemouth).—"Is kleptomania a disease?" Oh yes, if you're rich enough to afford it.

VERA C. (Harringay).—"He is not as rich as I like a man to be, and unfortunately he has very little money." Too short for you in every way, obviously.

V. R. (Cardiff).—"I played cricket with my son in the garden and he smashed three windows." Then, we suppose, you changed the game to hunt-the-slipper.

W. H. D. (Luton).—"While we were sheltering from the downpour in a little inn, they served us with glasses of alleged port wine, which was very poor stuff." You should have been thankful for any port in a storm.

WHEN something for nothing is offered, and that something of real value too, suspicion is felt that there is a snag in it somewhere. There is no snag about JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service and no doubt about its value either. Whatever your difficulty may be, write about it (in ink), enclosing stamped, addressed envelope. An expert staff, specially engaged for the purpose, will give you real help*

A. T. (Twickenham).—"How was it that you were out when I called?" Pure luck, we suppose.

E. G. S. (Bristol).—"Washerwomen are almost always healthy people." Yet they are always pegging out.

T. B. (Dover).—"As a girl I had to wash and iron and feed the poultry." Some job to iron a big turkey!

L. P. (Christchurch).—"The day I got married I sprained my ankle." Misfortunes never come singly.

A. B. (Reading).—"The police found him out and he was arrested." They evidently found him in.

G. N. (Putney).—"We owe a big debt to medical science." And when do you propose to pay your doctor's bill?

A. P. (Purton).—"His wife is learning the violin." That will give her chin a rest!

T. V. (Brighton).—"Stout men are honest." Yes; they have to be. They can't run fast.

G. B. (Wellington).—"I always begin at the beginning." .end the at begin must you this read To

A. N. (Stoke).—"He's always chasing after girls." One will turn round and catch him if he doesn't look out!

F. B. (Broadstairs).—"I never shirk my daily work." Your little rhyme we'll print this time.

A. N. (Leeds).—"There was a strange noise in the cupboard." Perhaps a piece of cheese was humming to itself.

Miss O. F. (Leighton).—"He's always looking at me." We wonder how you know.

N. A. (Holbeck).—"Did you read my letter?" Not exactly. The handwriting was so bad we had to guess it.

E. T. (Sheffield).—"Skirts of a decent length should be compulsory." Girls would retaliate by growing longer legs.

M. G. (London, S.).—"He knocked me down in the mud and then jumped on me." That was rubbing it well in.

L. Y. (Burton).—"I suppose my article is buried in one of your pigeon-holes." Not at all. We cremated it.

A. W. (Chelsea).—"Would you care to buy a nice little dog?" Are you trying to sell us a pup?

N. T. (Coulsdon).—"She came into the room wearing a bright smile." It seems rather inadequate.

L. P. (Partick).—"The park-keeper asked me to go, but I sat tight." Couldn't you stand?

F. H. (Tottenham).—"When you kiss a girl for the first time what should you do next?" More of the same.

D. McD. (Aberdeen).—"Last week I got into a free fight." It would be, in Aberdeen.

K. B. (Mayfair).—"I am in the social swim of London." You don't need to swim—it's very shallow.

C. J. (Salisbury).—"I only had my overcoat turned a month ago, and now it has been stolen." So now your job is to get it re-turned.

B. E. (Chepstow).—"I proposed to her and she laughed." Perhaps she was hysterical with relief that her long wait was over.

L. T. (Dover).—"Our ancestors sprang from gorillas." Who could blame them?

F. N. (Putney).—"I should like to unburden my mind in a short letter." It would necessarily be a short letter.

A. R. (Chester).—"The younger generation is knocking at the door." Nonsense. They insist on latchkeys.

J. Y. (Woking).—"I'll call and give you a tune on my saxophone." All right, but make your will first.

J. R. (London, N.W.).—"I'm the only drone in the hive." It's a wonder the others don't tell you to buzz off.

K. H. (Yarmouth).—"I give my opinion for what it's worth." You couldn't get rid of it any other way.

N. L. (Colchester).—"When will my dreams come true?" When you stop dreaming and wake up.

P. M. (Victoria).—"I'll be in Long Acre next Thursday night." We've arranged for illuminations.

L. G. (Shrewsbury). — "American comedy films are not very funny." About a smile a mile.

A. T. (York).—"Our last maid stopped a week." She must have taken a fancy to the place.

F. N. (Margate).—"I never try to deceive my wife." It's a wise man who knows his limitations.

A. B. (Rochdale). — "The wedding passed off splendidly." But surely not without the usual hitch?

H. S. (Sunbury).—"The greyhounds have let me down badly." Get on the track of one of those *Bullets* Tenners. You may come in first and win £250.

T. N. (Fittleworth).—"I read this letter over to my wife." Why not be kind to her?

M. H. (Sandwich).—"He will leave nothing behind when he dies." Not even the earth?

T. N. (Hull).—"Who is the clerk of the weather?" Apparently somebody in Iceland.

E. B. (Enfield).—"So I bought my wife a small bunch of flowers." It wasn't a very serious row, then.

G. DE M. (Mayfair).—"I did a lot of dancing on my holiday." Did you go hopping in Kent?

R. N. (Marlow).—"Nobody likes mosquitoes." Yet people often slap them on the back.

F. G. (Taplow).—"He said he got sunstroke this summer." Sounds like moonshine.

F. N. C. (Chelsea).—"Fish make interesting pets." But the average man would be considerably startled if a kipper sat up on his plate and begged.

F. L. (Oldham).—"Over 300 marriages were celebrated here in a week." If this sort of thing goes on the mother-in-law joke will never become extinct.

M. T. (Uttoxeter).—"I am very sorry to tell you I shall not write to you again." We are very sorry to tell you we are very glad.

A. L. (Croxley).—"My wife said she didn't want money for a new hat and that she'd rather stop at home and sew than go to the pictures." What a curious dream!

W. G. (Greenwich).—"He is an ideal barber." Deft and dumb?

D. B. (Hull).—"What's up with you in London?" Piccadilly.

F. M. (Newgate).—"Insomnia is a dreadful affliction." Still, our novelists are doing their best to combat it.

T. K. (Yeo).—"We are only young once." But as far as the ladies are concerned it is a long once.

F. N. (Chepstow).—"The modern girl is making progress." She is certainly getting more forward.

TESSIE (Wanstead).—"What is the secret of youth?" Keep your age dark and your hair light.

H. N. (Chertsey).—"Isn't it strange how men get pearls from oysters?" And how women get diamonds from knuts.

T. T. J. (Hendon).—"I have never seen a woman saxophone player." Thank goodness, that's one sort of crime they avoid.

T. B. (Camden Town).—"Men get what they deserve." But we simply can't think what we've done to deserve your letter.

T. F. (Marylebone).—"Is a black cat lucky?" Not if its colour leads you to believe it's not there and you tread on it in the dark.

L. B. (Hackney).—"When digging a hole in my garden I dropped some coppers in and couldn't find them." You can never say now that you haven't a penny in the world.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

The radio valve that MATTERS

TO-DAY 1/10th ampere valves are extravagant for all 4-volts and 6-volts circuits; they consume 33⅓ per cent. more current than the

REMARKABLE NEW SERIES OF MULLARD P.M. VALVES

with the same tough, lasting, wonderful Mullard P.M. Filament now consuming only 0.075 amperes.

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Stops HEAD COLDS, NASAL CATARRH, SORE THROAT and HAY FEVER.
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What Made Her Hair Grow?

Read Her Letter for the Answer.

"My hair fell out," writes Mrs. Hillman, "leaving only one patch. I was under hospital care for months. But my hair would not grow again.

"Then I used Kotalko—and now I have a fine, thick growth of hair, as you can see by my photograph." Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growths by using KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

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If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if your hair is prematurely bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53 L.B.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose 6d. in stamps.

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ADDRESS .....

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"The Greatest of These . . . ."

Sick and Starving

Everyday Tragedies of Broken Health

IN too many cases when honest hard-working people suffer illness their sickness involves the cutting-off of supplies of the necessaries of life and behind the doctor there stands the grim spectre of starvation.

In one instance an ex-Service man has been stricken with tuberculosis. Had the dread disease been noticed in time it might have been arrested—indeed, had the poor fellow been aware of the seriousness of his symptoms, it is possible that he might have received assistance from the Ministry of Pensions, but he struggled on against his ever-growing weakness until it became too late to make a claim.

The result is that he is now laid aside, quite unable to work, without a pension or any other source of income, and to his bodily affliction is added the mental anxiety of wondering how to make provision for his wife and seven children.

It is the two eldest of these children, girls aged sixteen and fourteen, who are the present mainstay of the family. They are at work and bring in between them 18s. a week. There is no other source of income whatever.

In a second case, the man has himself been very ill and his wife has also been sick in bed for eleven weeks. There are two sons, one of whom is old enough to work, but is prevented by illness from doing so. The sole income of the family is a pound a week, out of which 12s. 6d. has to be paid for rent.

It is small wonder that the doctor certifies that they are unable to afford necessary nourishment.

The third family threatened with starvation through sickness is that of an ex-Service man who has been unable to work since June, 1925, through having contracted blood-poisoning.

He has somehow to support an ailing wife and three young children, two of whom are very ill and has only a small amount of insurance benefit and poor-law relief wherewith to do it.

It may be that the assistance granted from "The Greatest of These—" Fund in such cases will make all the difference between life and death.

We urge all our readers to support this work as generously as they can.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Sylvia, 2s.; Louis Freestone (Taranaki, N.Z.), £1; G. Clark (Pangbourne), 2s.; Another Ninth from Burnbank, 6d.; In Memory of Mrs. G. Herkomer-Rapfle, £5 5s.; Mrs. A. F. Thompson (Chittlehampton, N. Devon), 5s.; M. S., 1s.; Mrs. J. W. Bowler (Netherfield), 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Wareham (Dorset), 5s.; Thankful Heart (Forest Gate), 2s. 6d.; An Old Competitor (Ashton, Preston), 1s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; H. L. F. (Brentford), 10s.; Oxford, 3s. 6d.; R. H. Cross (Ulverston), £2; Bristol, 5s.; Gratias Deo (Bristol), 5s.; A. K. (Ashton-u.-Lyne), 10s.; E. D., 3s.; Anon., 1s. 5d.; With Love, 1s.; With Best Wishes (Derby), 2s.; A. E. Perkins (Liverpool), 5s.; Good Luck, 6d.; Alfred Lees (Huddersfield), 2s. 6d.; F. L. D., 2s.; J. E. Heaney (Shetford, Beds), 5s.; Mrs. L. Hall (St. Albans, Herts), 5s.; James Norry (Manchester), £1; Well Wisher (Tinsley), 2s. 6d.; A Roman Catholic, £5; A. A. W. (Merton), 5s.; Mrs. Charters (Flixton, Manchester), 2s. 6d.; A Regular Reader (Herts), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Garner (Barnsley), 1s.; Miss A. Siddons (Clapton, E.5), 6s.; Mr. J. E. Reynolds (New Milton, Hants), 1s.; Mrs. M. Bullman (Taunton), 2s. 6d.; One Glorious Sunday (Exmouth), 1s.; E. Cripps (Plumstead, S.E.18), 5s.; B. J. H. (Brighton), 2s. 6d.; E. C. Harper, 1s. 10d.; Mrs. L. M. Needham, 1s.; E. B., 7s. 6d.; Anon. (Dublin), 2s. 6d.; Peel, 10s.; Mrs. H. Vacquier (New York City), 7s.; Every Little Helps (W. L.), 6d.; L. E. S. (Ford), 10s.; V. A. (Carlisle), 1s.; Alacs, 2s.; ? 1s. 3½d.; J. F. Everton (Ely), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Edwards (Southend-on-Sea), 5s.; Mr. R. H. Lawson (Shettleston), 1s.; Mrs. J. Mcnamma (Aberdour), 1s. 7d.; Sept. 19th (Notting Hill), 2s. 8d.; With Love, 1s.; J. Mitchell (Silkstone Common), 1s.; Peggy, 5s.; J. N. S., 1s.; A. L. W. (Frome), 1s.; A Mother of Three, 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

STOPS INDIGESTION WHERE IT STARTS.

It's a fine thing to get up from a hearty meal knowing that the food which you have enjoyed will be easily digested, without pain or any stomach suffering. Yet it's the easiest thing in the world to avoid indigestion or, if you are a habitual sufferer, to stop it and put the stomach into perfect health. Just a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water, or two or three tablets taken after eating, instantly neutralises the excess acids which cause the trouble, prevents fermentation, and soothes, heals and strengthens the inflamed stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which is sold by all chemists at 1s. 3d., is the remedy which is recommended by doctors, used in hospitals, and by thousands of one-time sufferers who have proved again and again that it is a certain reliever of all acid-caused digestive troubles.

FREE
PSORIASIS
Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay, when
ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT
will be sent to any address, along with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed.
Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.
Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD Ltd., *Medical Skin Specialists,* BRADFORD, YORKS.

80 YEARS of successful cures of
Boils, Carbuncles and all forms of poisoned blood

Abscesses, Bad Legs, Ulcers, Old Wounds, Whitlows, Piles, Eczema, Ringworm

Ointments come and ointments go, but LION OINTMENT has been tested, tried and proved for 80 years. It is the unfailing remedy, the household standby and friend, with scores of thousands of families all round the world—from the Shetlands to New Zealand, from Vancouver to Shanghai.

Use it wherever lancing or cutting is threatened. Save yourself martyrdom, and perhaps amputation. Its action is sure with all forms of poisoned blood—because it always clears the poison OUT, and forms a clean new healthy skin from underneath. Perfectly safe for infants. Keep it also in the house for Cuts, Burns, Bites, Chilblains, etc.

TESTIMONY YOU OUGHT TO READ

ABSCESSES: "Thanks to your Pills and Ointment, I am at last perfectly free from abscesses. Mrs. E. D." WHITLOWS AND PILES "Lion Ointment cured me of Whitlows and Piles. —Mr. M. Y." BLOOD POISONING: "Everlastingly grateful.—Mrs. E. T." ECZEMA: "Speedy and complete cure, after years of suffering. —Mr. F. L."

TRADE MARK

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT AND PILLS *From all Chemists, 1/3, 2/6, and 5/- per box.*

FREE BOOKLET

Send postcard for it to EDWIN BURGESS, Ltd., Dept. 64, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

WHY HAVE INDIGESTION?

Serious stomach disease is one thing; disturbed digestion, due to disregard of Nature's laws, is quite another, simple and avoidable. Pain after eating, nervous tremors in the stomach, an "all-gone" feeling when you know you do not need food, sour risings in the throat, pains around the heart—these are all symptoms of indigestion.

The greatest aid to digestion is good blood; normal action of the stomach is impossible without good, healthy blood. The way, therefore, to remedy a disturbed digestion is to enrich your blood by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. Many people have banished indigestion by doing this, including Mrs. Paltridge, of 23, Church Lane, Exeter, who states:—

"Last year I was attacked by gastric trouble. After every meal I suffered severe burning sensations in the stomach. I lost much weight, and became very thin. I read about Dr. Williams' pink pills, and resolved to try them. I soon began to feel better, and after taking five boxes, I was completely cured."

You, too, can improve your digestion by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of all chemists, 3s. od. box—nothing else will do.

FREE.—Every victim of indigestion should read the helpful diet guide "What to Eat," sent free to all who write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE OFFER

£10 FOR £6

The frame of the Graves 'Speed King' Cycle is rust proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or can be supplied all Black if desired) Fitted with

B.S.A. 3-SPEED GEAR
DUNLOP Roadster Cord Tyres
RENOLD CHAIN
MIDDLEMORE'S Three Coil Spring Saddle

Lady's or Gent's model same price, Carriage Paid. Terms: 8/- now, & 8/- monthly. Complete Approval

8/- NOW
10 YEARS WARRANTY
£8:0:0

Catalogue Post Free. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

to Asthma sufferers instant relief!

Potter's Asthma Cure makes breathing easy, gives comfort by day and peaceful sleep at night. It works wonders in Bronchitis, Catarrh and Whooping Cough. *Best remedy for Bronchitis of Children.* All who are subject to chest or lung troubles should keep a tin handy, for prevention is better than cure. Potter's Asthma Cure is entirely free from opiates and cannot cause headache. Of all chemists 1/6, or post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

When outdoors smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes, 1/6 for box of 18, or Smoking Mixture in 9d. tins.

Win a 'Bullets' Tenner

1st Prize **£250**

2nd Prize **£50**

3rd Prize **£25**

50 PRIZES OF £1

25 PRIZES OF £10

50 PRIZES OF 10/-

200 PRIZES OF 5/- | 500 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 6,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 650.

Twin First Prizes of £1,000 each awarded to:—

Mr. E. BONELLA,
80, Brookside Road, Golders Green, London, N.W.

Example:—HOMELESS
Bullet:—THOUSANDS—GET *That* HOME.

Mr. A. E. SPENCE,
45, Grafton Street, Preston, Lancs.
Example:—FATHER'S JOB
Bullet:—ONLY "CERTAINTY" INTERESTING MOTHER.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Miss P. LEGGOTT, 1, Essemere Avenue, Redbourne Street, Hessle Road, Hull.
Example:—WHAT IS TROUBLE?
Bullet:—"LEGACY" WHEN LOVE DIES.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. A. W. HUMBLE, 61, Mayfield Avenue, Ealing, W.
Example:—SAD TO SAY
Bullet:—EX-SERVICE—EX EVERYTHING—EXIT.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. H. ROBERTS, 39, Whitworth Terrace, Tredegar, Mon.
Example:—PROSPERITY'S DAWN
Bullet:—PUNTER EXPECTS ABOUT THREE-THIRTY.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:
Mrs. R. W. DAVEY, 33, St. Lukes Road, Totterdown Bristol.
Example:—SAD TO SAY
Bullet:—BREAD-KNIFE POVERTY'S "ECONOMY AXE."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. O. FELLOWS, 22, Home Park Av., Peverell' Plymouth.
WHY SHE LEFT—ALL TO CHARITY—UNCHARITABLE.
E. FUGLER, 27, Commercial Rd., Penryn, Cornwall.
PROSPERITY'S DAWN—EXPECTED ANY *Century* NOW.
A. HURLEY, 1, Manor Rd., Walthamstow, E.
WORTH REMEMBERING—WIFE ALSO A "PAL."
B. MEWBURN, Low Farnham, Sharperton, Morpeth.
PEACE BABY—STRANGER—PEACE STRANGER, BABY.
J. O'NEILL, Gwenllian Terrace, Treforest, Glam.
WHY HE LOVED HER—SHE'D ALTERED *Life's* "COMPLEXION."
Mrs. E. PRIDE, Charfield, Glos.
HEIGHT OF FASHION—NOT REDUCING *War* "MATERIAL."
J. STUDHOLME, 46, Kent St., Lower Broughton, Manchester.
WORTH REMEMBERING—WAR'S EXPLOITS—AND EXPLOITERS.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
A. TUCKER, 26, Sussex Place, Bristol.
ENCOURAGING—GENIUS, GIVING NATIONAL FUNERAL.
Mrs. E. M. WILSON, 26, Addington Square, Camberwell, S.E.
LUCIDLY—BABY SWALLOWED ANTIDOTE TOO.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
C. WILSON, 43, Bridge Avenue, Hammersmith, W.
WORTH REMEMBERING—PAST SERVICES, PAST SERVICE.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

J. BEARD, 34, Manor St., St Helens, Lancs.
PROSPERITY'S DAWN—HERE—IN AMERICA, "NOON."
F. E. BENSTEAD, 40, Uffington, Stamford, Lincs.
GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR—SAW BULL—FORGOT COW-SHED.
Mrs. H. BINNS, 3, Wrose View Cottages, Wood Bottom, Baildon, Yorks.
BUYING THE RING—BEEN DIFFERENTLY "EMBARRASSED" SINCE.
D. J. P. FRASER, 52, Bournemouth Park Rd., Southend-on-Sea.
WORTH REMEMBERING—"PRECIOUS" NAMES ON "STONES."
E. G. GODFREY, 70, Tytherton Rd., Tufnell Park, N.
PEACE BABY—MODERN "SOLOMONS"! DIVIDED *Over*.

(Continued on page 36.)

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 653.

BRITANNIA'S JOB
GOOD NEWS
GLAD TO SAY
TIDE OF FORTUNE
SAFELY
A KNOCK-OUT
ON SECOND THOUGHTS
SUNNY SMILE
THE OFFICE CLOCK
DOING IT NOW
HER SURPRISE
WHAT THE FOOTBALL SAID
MY UMBRELLA
BUTTERFLY WIFE
SANDY'S LOVE
IN NATURE'S KINGDOM
ROUGH LUCK
MIDNIGHT OIL
MORE THE MERRIER
HAPPY LAND
ONCE IN A LIFETIME
WITHOUT FIGHTING
YOUNG BRIDE
IN MY PLACE
COST ME SOMETHING
RUNNING AWAY
FOR HERSELF
HEALTHY YOUNGSTER
HER EYES
CASTLES IN THE AIR
LIFE'S AUTUMN
WHAT IS PLUCK?

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent Bullets Prize winners were:—

Example:—ARMAMENTS RACE — *Bullet*:—"ARREST"—DON'T "RUN IN."
Example:—YOUNG ENGLAND — *Bullet*:—OUR HOPE—WHAT'S THEIRS?
Example:—MAKING THINGS DIFFICULT — *Bullet*:—FOREIGNERS "MAKING THINGS" EASIER.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 653, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2. (Comp.)

Closing Date, Thursday, October 13.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(653) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 36. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, October 13.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(653) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 36. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Closing Date, Thursday, October 13.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(653) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 36. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, October 13.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(653) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 36. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEXT WEEK £2,500 HUGE FIRST

The only thing that counts in any shaving preparation is the soap it contains.

Pears'
Shaving Soap

Specially Made to Soften Beards

GOLDEN STICK 1/3 SILVER STICK 1/-
(U.K. only)

POS 17-54

Before a cold gets hold...

... STOP IT with Veno's! At the first sign of Influenza ... STOP IT with Veno's. Make the family watch-word "Veno's ... QUICK!" at the first sign of a cough or cold.

For all complaints of the Chest, Throat and Lungs, including Bronchitis and Asthma, Veno's is the family safe-guard of countless homes throughout the Empire.

Get a bottle to-day, and the winter will lose half its terrors. 1/3 and 3/-, of all chemists.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd

WHEN AT EASE - THINK OF "CAPSTAN"

WILLS'S
CAPSTAN
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

10 for 6D 20 for 11½D

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